



POEMS
of
DU PAGE COUNTY

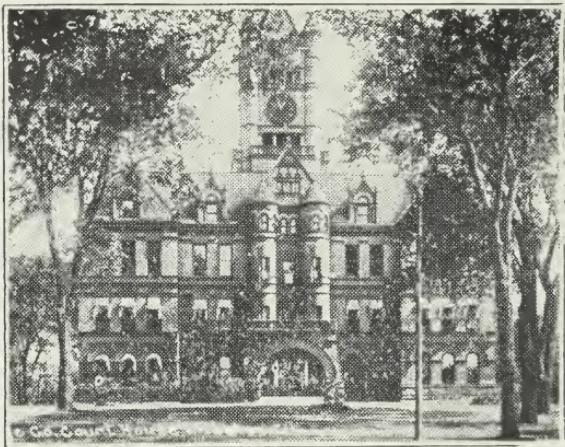
FRANK EARL HERRICK

ILLINOIS HISTORICAL SURVEY

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Frank Earl Kerrick



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"The Temple of DuPage"

—Herrick

P O E M S
of
DuPage County
by

FRANK EARL HERRICK
Wheaton, Illinois

AUTHOR OF:
Poems of the Great Reform
Poems of the Great War
Poems in Verse and Prose
A Volume of Verse

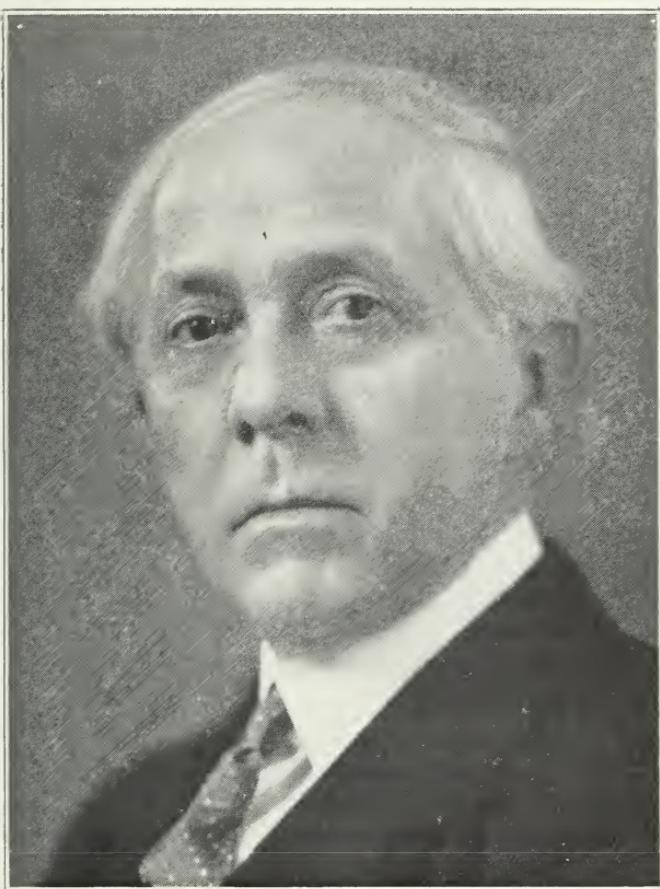


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Frank Earl Herrick

DuPage County

A star upon the breast
Of great Chicagoland,
A jewel in the crest
Of Illinois, the Grand!

A bright and golden seal
Set on the noble scroll
Of a great Commonweal
Of men and mighty soul!

A rose in the lapel
Of kingly Illinois
Where goodly people dwell
In sweet content and joy!

A gentle roll of plain,
With streams and forests fair,
And seas of waving grain
And flowers ev'rywhere!

A precious plot of earth
By Nature set apart;
The cradle of my birth
The homestead of my heart!

A Psalm of the Flag

The fields of the sky are all blue,
They are full of beautiful stars,
The Ensign of the Most High waves there!

The Flag of the Land of the Free
Is like unto the one above us,
It is the glory of the whole earth!

The hand of Mercy hath made it white,
The blood of heroes hath crimsoned it,
The free breezes lift its sweet folds!

Liberty and Justice have unfurled it,
Where its shadow fell the land became free.
It hath healed the scars of mighty wrongs!

The eyes that guard it shall not sleep,
Nor ever shall the vigilant slumber,
The clouds and the seas shall be watchmen!

The swift eagles shall be its defenders,
The alien in our midst shall not tear it,
Neither shall any nation affront it!

Till the gems in the heavens grow dim
The stars in the Standard shall shine,
They shall gladden all eyes forever!

(Flag Day, June 14th, 1935)

A Song of the Flag

(Tune: "America")

O emblem of the free,
How beautiful to see
 Thy folds unfurled
In clo's rich and warm,
Like rainbow's noble form
Sun-painted on the storm
 Arching the world!

Thy field of beauty vies
With midnight's starry skies
 Surpassing grand.
From sunset's rosy glow
Each blood-red beam doth throw
Across thy field of snow
 A crimson band!

O banner of the brave
In splendor thou dost wave
 In Freedom's name;
With deeds for heroes meet
Thy story is replete,
And fort and field and fleet
 Attest thy fame!

Beneath thy lustrous fold
Of beauties yet untold
 May we abide
And every ill abate
That doth reproach a state,
Or stain a nation, great
 And glorified!

The Soldiers of Lincoln

Like the swell and the heave of the bosom of Ocean
When billows rush in from the deep-rolling blue
Even so is the rise and the surge of emotion
When the soldiers of Lincoln pass by in review!

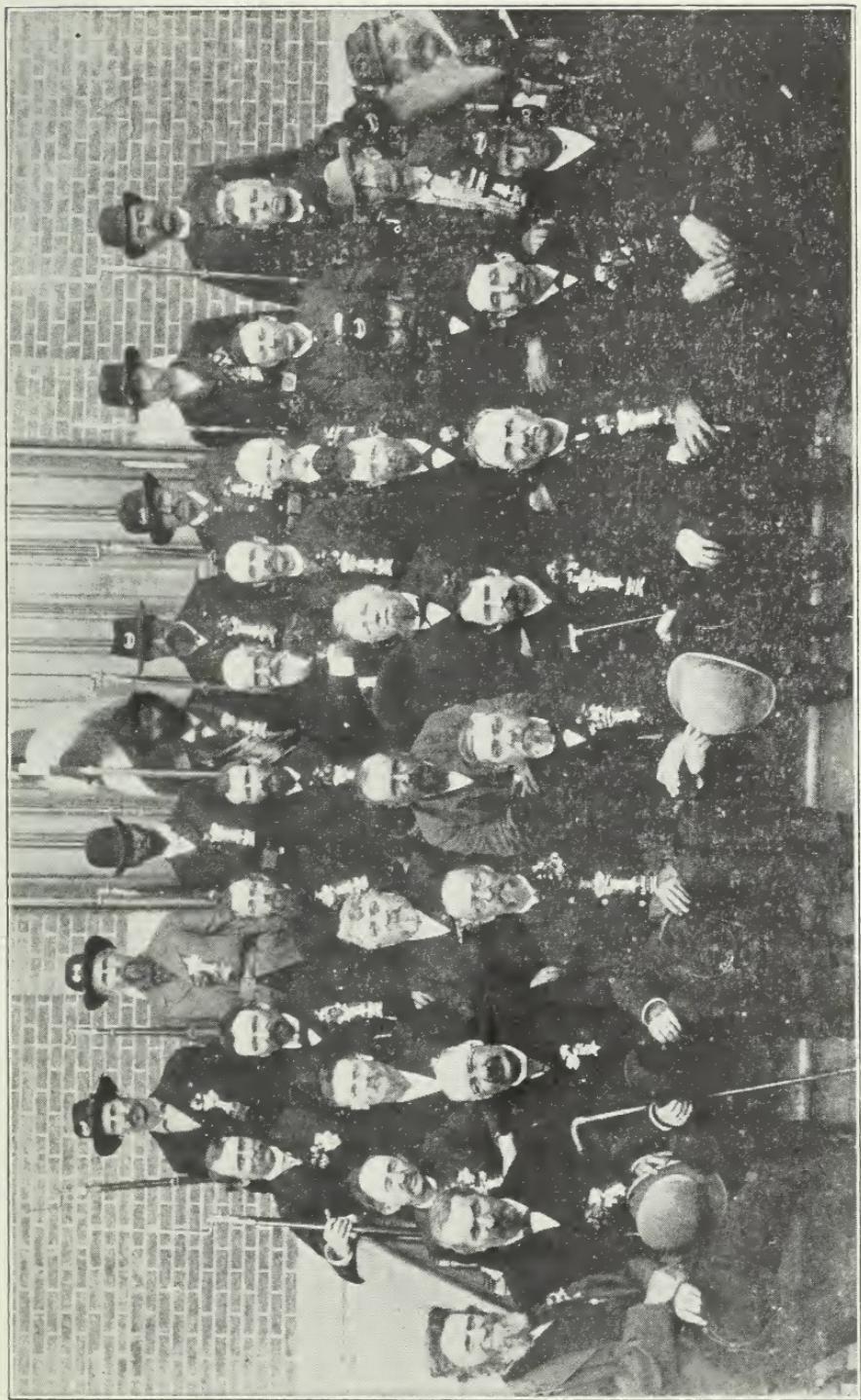
Like a pine tree in Winter snow-mantled and hoary
With the setting sun glinting its ermine crowned head
The veterans stand in that time-whitened glory
When Springtime and Summer and Autumn have fled!

With acclaim and devotion unspeakably tender
We see the thin ranks of that noble blue line
That went from the North in spirit and splendor
Elastic and buoyant and superbly fine!

Grand and serene in Life's Winter season
Bearing the scars of fierce lightning strokes
They stand who answered the challenge of treason
As in the young forests the century oaks!

In love and esteem and proud salutation
To the soldiers with temples white garlanded now
In instant accord the right hands of a Nation
Are lifted as one to each patriot brow!

GROUP OF DU PAGE COUNTY G. A. R.



The Civil War Tablets

In the DuPage County Courthouse

These plates of bronze are like the sky,
 Thick set with burnished stars;
DuPage's sons in years gone by
Who held the Union standard high
 Upon the fields of Mars!

It is a mighty Honor Roll,
 A blazonry Sublime,
The story of DuPage's soul
Inscribed upon a stainless scroll
 For men of coming time!

These men leaped up at Sumter's gun
 And joined the deadly strife,
They answered Lincoln's call as one
When Treason's dark frown veiled the sun
 And sought the Nation's life!

They poured their blood in ev'ry fray,
 On all the fields of wrath.
They stood with Meade and Doubleday,
They cut with Sherman's great array
 A wide and crimson path!

They faced the storm and battle stress
 Of countless days and nights,
With Grant at Shiloh's red winepress,
At Vicksburg and the Wilderness,
 And Lookout's flaming heights!

Who cannot now with Fancy's eye
See those old soldiers come,
To martial measures marching by
With flags and streamers waving high,
And hear the fife and drum?

As before shrines we here should kneel
Or with bared temples stand
And through our grateful bosoms feel
Resurging a new-kindled zeal
For our Beloved Land!

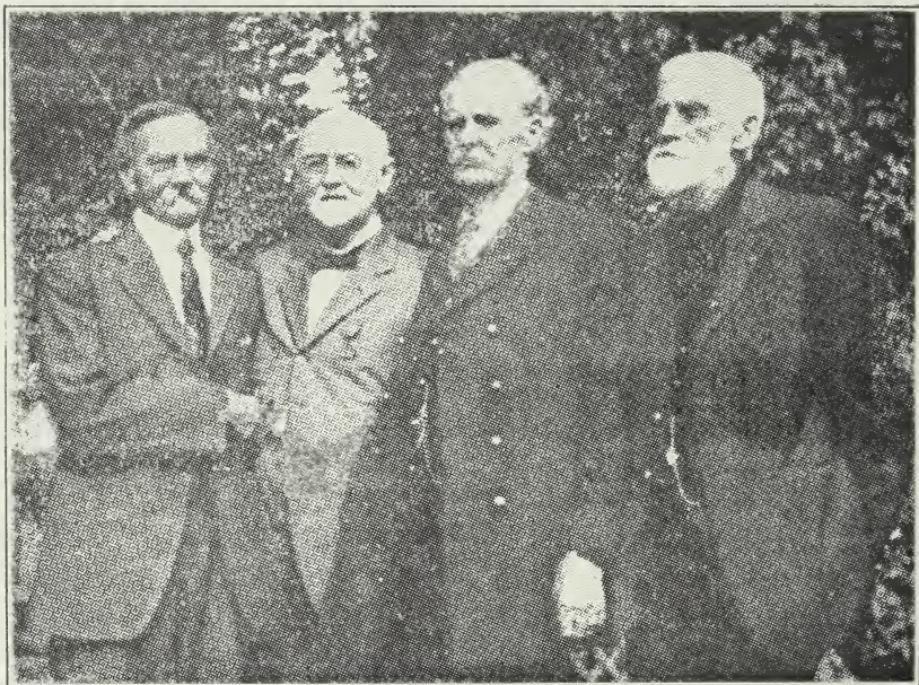
Song For
Memorial Day

(Tune: "America")

Old soldiers, over thee
The flag is floating free
And full of stars;
Proud of the noble band,
That gave it to our land,
Preserved by valor's hand
And battle scars!

In smoke and flame it flew
Above the hosts of blue
On fields of war;

“The Old Blue Line”



Left to right: James A. Congleton, Co. F, 105th Ill. Vol. Inf.; William Irving Phillips, Co. K, 23rd Ill. Vol. Inf.; Stephen Rinehart, Co. C, 12th Ill. Vol. Cavalry; Harrison Blank, Co. K, 36th Ill. Vol. Inf.

Enlisted from DuPage County, Illinois.

Through treason's iron rain
You bore it without stain
Upon the crimson plain
In days of yore!

Your heads are whitened now
And time upon your brow
Has left its trace,
And slower now your tread
Than when the charge was led
And Freedom's foemen fled
Before your face!

Yet in your matchless eye
As the thinned lines go by
We see the gleam
And spirit as of old
When clouds of conflict rolled
To keep the starry fold
Without a seam!

In gratitude and love
Pure as the stars above
This day we keep
For men the world reveres,
For those who live, our cheers,
And a great nation's tears
For those who sleep!



JUDGE ELBERT H. GARY

Died August 15, 1927

Judge Elbert H. Gary

(The Steel King)

A lofty Lighthouse by the side
Of troubled Toil's unresting sea,
A constant light to warn and guide,
It stands in kingly majesty!

A shaft of fire in the Night
To show the wanderers the way
As Egypt's toilers in their flight
Were led by the God-kindled ray!

By Day it lifts its mighty form
Over the reef and treacherous shoal
Far-seen where in distress and storm
The heavy freighters lurch and roll!

The wrathful billows in their might
Lashed by the angry hurricane
Oft would o'erthrow and quench that light
But rage and beat and break in vain!

And Industry's great galleys go,
And Labor's argosies come home,
And Commerce traffics to and fro
On all the far-flung fields of foam;

They thread the Narrows to the Deep,
They safely pass the harbor bar,
And in their changing courses keep
Their bearings by this brilliant star!
Great Lighthouse by the seas of men
Rising majestic to the skies,
Keep watch with thine unerring ken
And kindly light, tranquil and wise!

July 5, 1925.

(Native son. First Mayor of Wheaton.
Head of United States Steel Corporation.)

Elbert H. Gary

A Tribute

Judge Elbert H. Gary, Wheaton's far-famed son, has entered to his rest. The first Mayor of Wheaton and a distinguished member of the bar and an able Judge of Du-Page County passes on, ripe in years and rich in accomplishments. He was native here and returns after four-score years of useful life. By his brilliant parts he reflected credit on this City, even as a good son honors his Father and Mother.

The Church that ever felt his interest and sustaining hand and bears with pride his name upon its roll has rendered to his mortal form its final rites. He sleeps in peace within the marble palace in the tranquil courts to which are summoned all who live. Around him now in their last rest are friends of boyhood days, the comrades of the years of youth, the strong men with whom he matched his

strength in life's pursuits. His native soil receives the mighty oak after the buffettings of eighty storm swept years, and where he stood a vast and lonesome silence reigns. It is fitting that he should be here again near the prairies where he roamed carefree, the schools he attended, the College where he studied, the Courts where he presided, the City he once governed.

Judge Gary was one of the giants of our day. In the industrial realm he was a steel Colossus bestriding the wide channels of trade and on whose lofty brow a mighty beacon blazed. He was the Polaris in the firmament that domes the world of toil. By him the captains of industry read their sextants and the mariners on the seas of commerce took their bearings and in relation to him the great constellations of flaming forge and furnaces swept in their orbits unperturbed. In spite of storm and mutiny of crew and shoal and reef and undertow his ships came safely home.

His personal attributes were great mental force and tenacity of will, keen insight and unclouded vision, and energy that knew no rest until now. His intellect was a flawless blade of finely tempered steel. Yet with all his herculean works he found time for generous charities and liberal gifts to Libraries, Colleges, Churches, Universities, Hospitals and endless helps for the betterment of workers' conditions.

His place will not soon be filled. Never before has one man accomplished so much. The workers in the fields of the great industries for many years to come will reap the harvest of his wise husbandry.

His pastors and fellow-men who knew him best recount his social graces and declare his deep, fundamental Christian faith. Wheaton sent him forth and receives him back and honors him as he has honored her.

(From the Wheaton Progressive of August 19, 1927)



JUDGE CHARLES D. CLARK
Former County Judge of DuPage County

Judge Charles D. Clark

Judicial poise of soul and mind
And calm of heaven's starry seas
Sweet with the gentle Pleiades
Are in him perfectly combined!

A smiling meadow full of sun
And flowers is his open face
Where cheer and joy and Christian grace
Like laughing streamlets leap and run!

In daily rectitude he goes
Along the avenues of life
Amid the tumult and the strife
And tide of trade that ebbs and flows!

In ev'ry high and righteous fight
He is a man of mighty arm,
A foe of all the things that harm,
A silver trumpet for the right!

The years, with Wisdom's crown, repose
In splendor on his noble brow
And Autumn rests upon him now
Prophetic of the grander snows!

His laurels are the rich reward
Of valor done on ev'ry field
Where God's whole armor is the shield
And where the Spirit is the sword!

Salt of the mighty earth is he,
The leaven of the living bread,
He follows in the sandal's tread
That pressed the shores of Galilee!

Judge S. L. Rathje

(Former County Judge of DuPage County)

Judge S. L. Rathje, our fellow man of real worth and high esteem, has gone on ahead of us a little way down that mysterious road whose dust has never borne the imprint of returning feet, to that strange port where all the vessels are outbound upon a tideless deep where sea-mews bring no messages and petrels never omen storms; where there are no harbor lights to guide the voyagers back and no piers where welcoming friends await, and whose vast expanse has never seen a sail swelling with a homeward breeze.

His three score years are rich with many kindly deeds like flowers by some wayside in delightful June, but innumerable generous acts were even covertly done and are scarcely known, but DuPage county is sown with hidden

gems from his liberal and unseen hand like yet undiscovered diamond fields. His personality was of a fine fibre, his manner quiet and genteel. He was calm, judicial, deep and clear, unhurried, safe and strong. The bar, the bank and hosts of friends looked to him for guidance like sailors to the polar star.

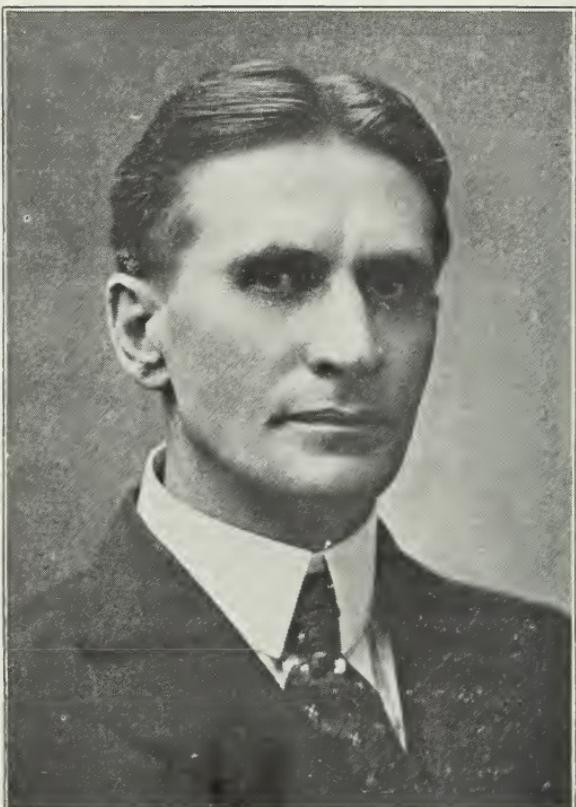
Our county's loss cannot be inventoried now nor a true appraisal of his worth told in words.

A native son of DuPage county has gone, yet left it richer for the worth while life he lived.

He was a pillar in the community, upholding and ornamenting the superstructure by his grace and poise and strength. His hand was on the helm of most of its ventures and its enterprises were guided by the beacons that he set. He seemed to know the stars and seasons and was always safe. On the seas of business, finance and even politics he was the anchor that held many craft from drifting to destruction.

To the great esteem in which he was held, ten thousand lovely flowers sincerely testified at his obsequies, speaking the thoughts that in the busy rush of life we do not stop to utter, although we feel them, leaving their eloquent deliverance till the hour of death. This may be best, for those symbols say so well what we cannot express.

Judge Rathje, as a lawyer and jurist, stood among the quarrels and contentions of men a mighty peacemaker. The stain of preventable litigation is not on his long record. He poured the oil of wise diplomacy on the troubled waters. He had an antidote for every poison passion, a counter balm for every irritant, a softened tone for every strident note. He healed and helped.



JUDGE SYLVANUS L. RATHJE

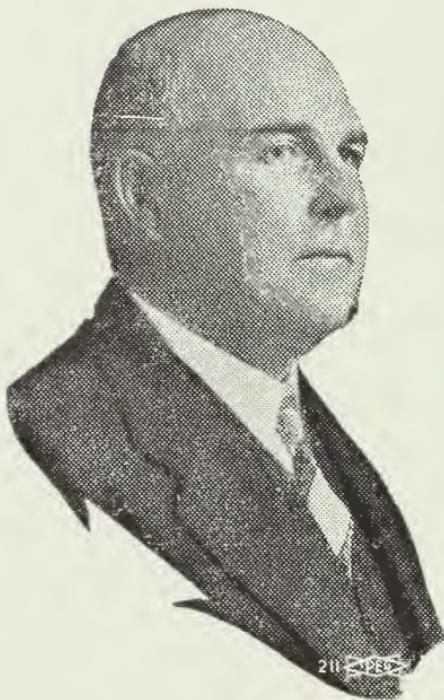
Died November 14, 1929

His activities were ceaseless and the limitations of office hours were not made for him. He was accommodation personified. His social side was democracy itself. In the mathematics of men that man to whom all men are equal can have no superior. So it was with Judge Rathje.

The notes he signed for friends he paid without complaint. No act of men embittered him. Retaliation was not his nature. He knew foes oftentimes become the fastest friends. His faith in man was Lincolnesque. No judgment of his mind was put in force without the hearts approval and consent. He lived upon the plane of men. His head was never in the clouds. He attended the games, followed the fights, read the philosophers and played the violin. He listened to election returns as though it was grand opera, with impresarios and jewelled prima donnas in stellar roles. He was interested in the world.

Among the discordant elements that ever seek lawyers and courts to obtain redress of real or imaginary grievances it was inevitable that in the course of forty years he would make enemies. Against his fair escutcheon envy threw her envenomed barbs, jealousy hurled her javelins and petty rivalries shot their porcupinish quills, but though extremely sensitive, he kept serene. As a lighthouse when the angry ocean dashes its bitter brine in its illuminated face and the tempest howls its wrath and blinded sea birds add their screams and the frothing billows throw their thundering legions against its solid form, so he stood until the subsiding sea and the retreating storm showed him clearer and cleaner than before, his light undimmed, a brother to the rain washed stars that mirrored their unblemished splendor in the tranquil deep.

A kindly Sun has set whose rays were always soft, but its afterglow shall linger long with us. An instrument of gentle chords whose notes were written in the softer scores is still, but its overtones shall murmur long in Memory's fine ear. We are poor as friends but rich as heirs of this good man.



JUDGE JOHN K. NEWHALL
Circuit Judge

Judge John K. Newhall

O, able Judge,
Who ever ruled
In rectitude
And laid the law
To the plumb line
And did justice
And equity
And whose decrees
And judgments were
Wise and humane,
Who sat as a
Sage Chancellor

Your Orator
Will ever pray
That through the years
The perquisites
Of noble acts
Be rich and sweet
Emoluments
The judgment of
Your fellow men
Award you their
Esteem and praise
And ev'ry deed
That you shall do
Be like the faith
Of Abraham
Counted to you
For righteousness,

And may the Court
Of Last Resort
That knows all things
The record says
And omits, too,
Without dissent
Write the entry
Concise and clear
“Record approved.”



JUDGE WILLIAM J. FULTON
Circuit Judge

Judge William J. Fulton

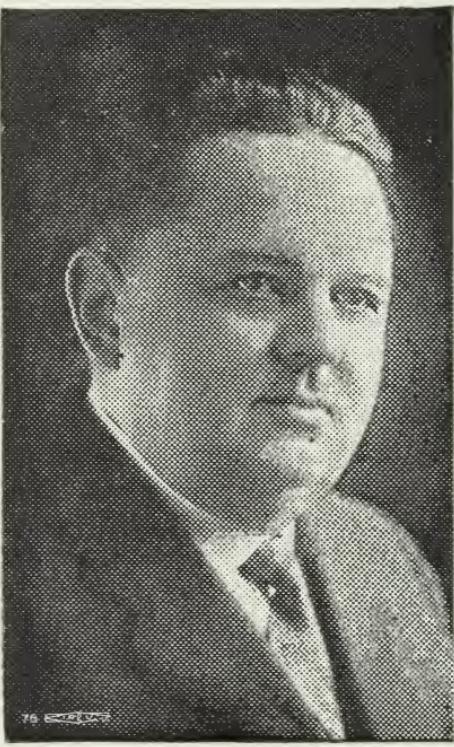
A Weighmaster of Right and Wrong,
The kindest of men;
The tributes of a mighty throng
Arise in love and loyal song
From lip and tongue and pen!

A noble judge, exceeding sage,
Clear as the stars that shine
Above the Temple of DuPage
When all the stellar legions stage
The Pageantry Divine!

He holds the trembling beam on high
Poising the good and ill,
And where true right and justice lie
He marks with an unerring eye
And Heaven-gifted skill!

His heart and brain **en banc** preside,
His bench, a mercy-seat.
Justice and Judgment side by side
Like noble knights in armour ride
In harmony complete!

We praise the Jurist for his might,
His honor we esteem,
His pleasant ways are a delight
And ev'ry attribute the height
Of excellence supreme!



JUDGE FRANK W. SHEPHERD
Circuit Judge

Judge Frank W. Shepherd

The Bench, the Senate and the Bar
 He has adorned with grace
As when a lucent Summer star
With gentle luster shines afar
 High in the fields of space!

A life clean and immaculate,
 A fame without a flaw,
A pillar polished and ornate
Embellishing the Hall of State
 And Temple of the Law!

His mind is an alembic where
 With solvents keen and strong
He separates the foul and fair
And with a skill superb and rare
 Divides the right and wrong!

A Judge of gentle voice and eye
 And mildly mannered mien
As tranquil as the azure sky
When the clouds have drifted by,
 Leaving all serene!

Within the Temple of DuPage
 Upon its Scroll of Fame
Starred with legal light and sage
And noble Youth and honored Age
 We shall engross his name!



JUDGE MAX F. ALLABEN
Circuit Judge

Judge Max F. Allaben

As an eagle keen of ken
From some rocky height
Sweeps the plains of mortal men,
Searching covert, thicket, glen,
With unerring sight.

So his eyes impartial scan
The turmoil and strife
And the wile and craft and plan
Of the fights of man with man
On the plains of life!

He is still below the age
Of Wisdom's whitened hair,
Yet in legal lore a sage
Whose clean record is a page
Immaculately fair!

With quick eye he pierces through
Fog and mist and smoke
And gives judgment swift and true
As the bolt that cleaves the blue
And the stubborn oak!

Virile Judge, alert and strong,
Kingly, keen and kind,
Like the notes of a sweet song
Quality and tone belong
To his heart and mind!

November 25th, 1935.



JUDGE WIN G. KNOCH
County Judge of DuPage County

Judge Win G. Knoch

"O, wise, young Judge, how I do honor thee"
—Shakespeare

A youthful Judge, reckoned by age,
As Nestor wise, Apollo young,
He stands with dignity among
His fellow men, modestly sage!

By Reason's noble torch he sees
And reads the written law aright,
And by the lamp of kindly light
He writes his true and just decrees!

With judgment keen and courage strong
He scans the scales where acts are weighed
And parts with an unerring blade
The false and true, the right and wrong!

In Honor's court a shaft of white
A classic column chaste and fine,
A pillar set to the plumb line,
A marble monolith of light!

The Morning sun is on his brow,
The promise of a noble day
And glory that no man can say,
In splendor lies before him now!

He knows the soul's high beacon lights,
He knows the will-o'-wisps of men,
And he sees with unclouded ken
The waymarks of the starry nights!

The stainless ermine may he wear
Till his black tresses shall be snow,
And he shall be as the years go
A daily blessing ev'rywhere!

August 6, 1933.

TO JUDGE KNOCH
(In Hospital)

The upright Judge is now prostrate;
Like some fine statue fallen prone
Or noble oak tree overthrown
He lies beneath the frown of Fate!

But he shall rise after a while,
As flowers leveled by the storms
Lift up again their lovely forms
When the Great Sun sends down his smile!

And he shall stand renewed in health,
And in the Temple of the State
A column classic and ornate,
A pillar of the Commonwealth!

To lift the Jurist to his feet,
We reach to him the heart's right hand
And from the flowers of the land
We send the beautiful and sweet!

From all the borders of DuPage
A thousand songs arise as one
In good-will for its native son,
The strong, intrepid, true and sage!

June 2nd, 1934.

The Probate Judge

The Probate Judge
Has on his heart
And in his hands
The cause of those
To whom the fates
Have been unkind
And poured the drop
Of bitter gall
And wormwood in
Their cup of life,
The blighted ones,
The orphans and
The minor wards,
The widows and
The dependents.
And he must fight
The wolf for them
And slay the bear
And trap the fox
And from the hawk
Guard the dove-cote.
A wisdom that
Is more than books
He sorely needs,
A lamp whose light
Comes from the heart
By whose true flame
He reads the law.



JUDGE EDGAR F. THOMA
Probate Judge of DuPage County

Judge Edgar F. Thoma

The perfect Judge, kindly and sage
In mind and soul,
Whose record is a spotless page,
A stainless scroll!

Like the sweet sky without a flaw
Serene and blue
He sweeps the domain of the law
With vision true!

A man endowed with heart and brains
And wondrous skill
To help unsnarl the tangled skeins
Of human ill!

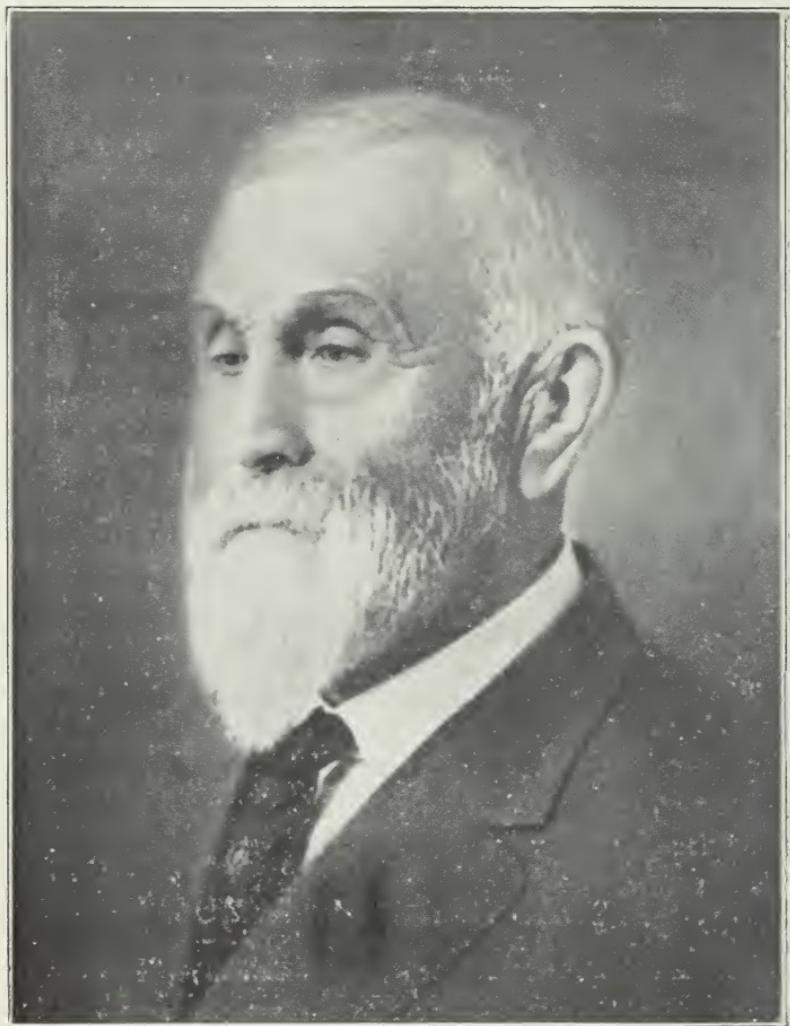
Misfortune's stroke that tears and rends
The hopes of men
With Wisdom's balm he soothes and mends
And heals again!

He bends compassion's kindly ear
To many woes
And smites oppression, without fear,
With stinging blows!

A new star in judicial skies
Above DuPage,
A Judge whose youthful wisdom vies
With snowy age!

In rectitude, a royal palm,
A stately pine,
Standing superb in storm and calm,
Lofty and fine!

June 16, 1934.



PROFESSOR ROYAL T. MORGAN
Ex-Superintendent of Schools

Professor Royal T. Morgan

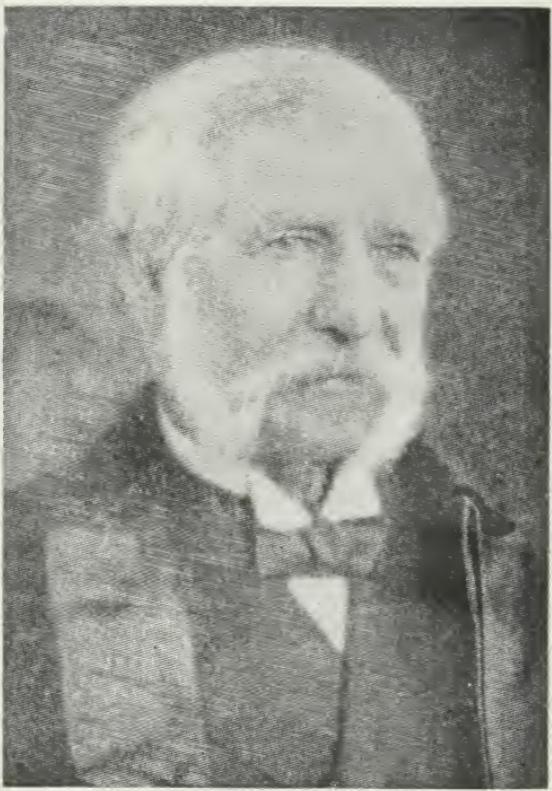
A Schoolman of the Old DuPage,
 One all the world reveres,
A scholar, soldier, teacher, sage,
Who walked the school-room as a stage
 For fifty faithful years!

From good DuPage's soil he came,
 Answered to Lincoln's call,
Of purpose high and noble aim
He bore through life a stainless name,
 The highest crown of all!

He held the school-house as a shrine,
 A light upon a hill,
A thing that bore a stamp divine,
An influence sweet and benign
 Amidst a world of ill!

He rode DuPage's long highways,
 It's by-paths and its lanes,
And blest its noble yesterdays
Like the Sun's benignant rays
 And Summer's gentle rains!

Until Life's sea shall cease to roll
 Its never-resting wave
The good name of this kindly soul
Shall be writ large on Honor's scroll
 And tablets of the brave!



COLONEL WILLIAM R. PLUM
Soldier, Lawyer, Author, Nature Lover

Colonel William R. Plum

“My loved, my honored, much respected friend.”—Burns

Here is a true “plumed knight,” indeed,
A soldier of the sword and pen,
Framed and fit to grace and lead
The foremost files of noble men!

A classic figure in the Law,
An ornate pillar in the State,
In Court and Forum, without flaw,
And his life, immaculate!

A gentleness of speech and mien
With Roman dignity he bears;
A look benignant and serene
His inward majesty declares!

He sweeps within his kindly ken,
With poet mind and artist eye,
The lowly wild-flowers of the glen
And beauties of the earth and sky!

He knows the wondrous ways of birds,
The minstrels of the wandering wing,
He hears their music without words
And knows the messages they bring!

Good man, who holds each flower a friend,
To whom all the sweet birds belong,
Accept this petal that I send,
This broken fragment of a song,

As tribute of my high regard
And great esteem, by words untold,
My offering of mint and nard
And myrrh and frankincense and gold!

A Tribute
COLONEL WILLIAM R. PLUM
Died April 28, 1927

The flowers of Spring that all about us make a glory of the earth have received a kindred spirit to their arms. The violets with tender eyes have for a closer comrade now this kindly man. In a few days the flowers that garland soldiers' graves will spread a counterpane of loveliness above his sleeping form as under a mantle of the Union blue in far off years he bivouacked beneath the stars. The birds he knew—those wandering Troubadours whose homes are bounded only by their tireless wings—will sing above his rest the songs that often thrilled his heart. The Long Roll of the Civil War, that soon will be complete, has added to its burnished list a hero's name.

Col. Plum was a finely-mannered man, decorous and deliberate in all he did and said. There was a rhythm in his speech and mien and lines of beauty in his flowing pen. His imagery and fancy were finely sculptured works of art, polished with care and perfect in proportion. He was a poet in his soul and had an artist's eye. In thought and contemplation he found truth and beauty. The richest things occur in silence. The velvet sandaled feet of Dawn unheard upon the Morning moss usher greater glories in than blaring trumpets ever heralded. The symphonies of setting suns have for the inner ear sweet rhapsodies and jubilates to which the organ thunder and roll of drums are jarring notes. The cadences of falling night; the overture of coming stars are exquisite melodies to such rare souls as Col. Plum's. He loved all these.

But if among the things of silence or of song he loved one beauty more than another it was the world of flowers, the charming children that people Flora's realm. His wonderful lilacs are known throughout the land. They were the pride and labor of his later years. The village where he lived now has them for a legacy and with increasing time its people shall be his debtors more and more. This kingly man has bequeathed to us his coronet set with lovely gems.

In the State he was a noble pillar whose strength was not lessened by its ornament. His loyal tread was in the march of great events in the Nation's life. Atlanta, Sherman, Thomas, Lookout Mountain, were familiar thots. He wrote a history of one branch of the Civil War, in which he served. He was the author of "The Sword and the Soul," a gripping story based on the struggle of the States, in which many think they see a segment of his life clever-

ly concealed by fiction's fragrant leaves. His martial form was seen wherever the old soldiers met and in patriot appeal his eloquence was heard. A white plume of chivalry is gone and misty eyes of old comrades will look in vain for his return.

In scholarship he was one of Yale's most worthy sons, from whose portals he went out to wider fields in search of knowledge and the birds and books and bloom of this and other lands became familiar friends.

In the Temple of the Law he held a place of great esteem, for learning and his own high worth. His record is a spotless scroll.

Col. Plum was a many-sided man and each side good: a clear diamond cut with many facets each shining with unblemished luster. He was a man of poise and calm, unhurried by the haste and noise that mar and blur the finer things. With all the gifts and graces that make the perfect gentleman he was genial, lovable, and rich with sparkling wit that cheered but never hurt. From none he stood aloof but was to all cordial and benignant and a companion rare and choice. His home was a domestic paradise of mutual tenderness and affection.

Like a spring-prophesying pine in Winter's wind swept woods with snowy helmet glistening in the sun while in its heart the blood of Summer ran, so he stood at fourscore years, a Youth at time of Yule.

As travelers on a lonely road, where friends grow less with lengthening years, are sad bereft when one departs, so we are all left poor, indeed, except for the rich memory of this splendid man.

Lewis Ellsworth

(Circuit Clerk of DuPage County)

On His 72nd Birthday, Saturday, June 22, 1929

An Appreciation by Employees at the Court House

Here's a hand to good old "Lou"
Who is three score ten and two

Smiling like the Setting Sun
When his daily race is run!

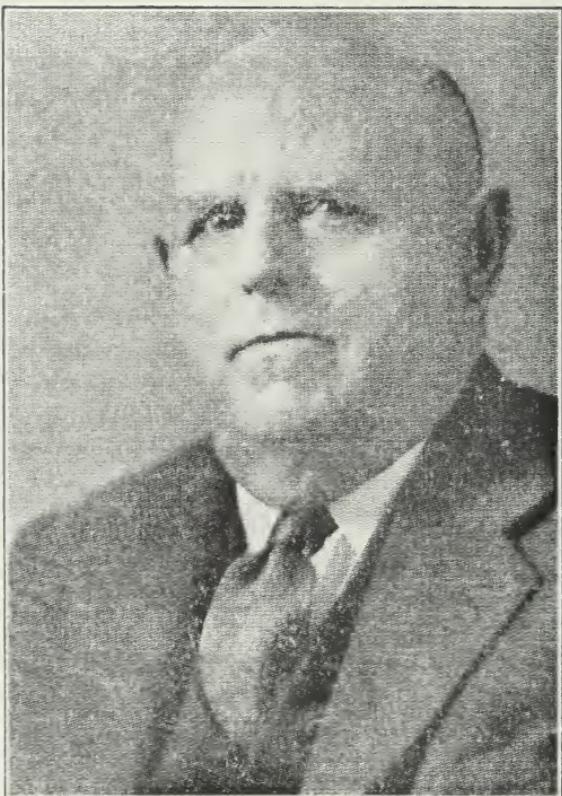
Roly-poly and rotund
Features fat and rubicund,

Friend of all his fellow men,
Going strong at three score ten.

As Saint Gabriel on high
The Recorder in the sky

Enters in his mighty book
Every act and word and look

So the many deeds of men
He has noted with his pen



LEWIS ELLSWORTH

Book and page and filing date
Both the little and the great

So they easily again
May be found and known of men

All his life has been around
Matters weighty and profound

Meeting in his many works
Lawyers, judges, bailiffs, clerks.

Kind, accommodating and
Lending all a helping hand

Thus his useful days were spent
Among book and document

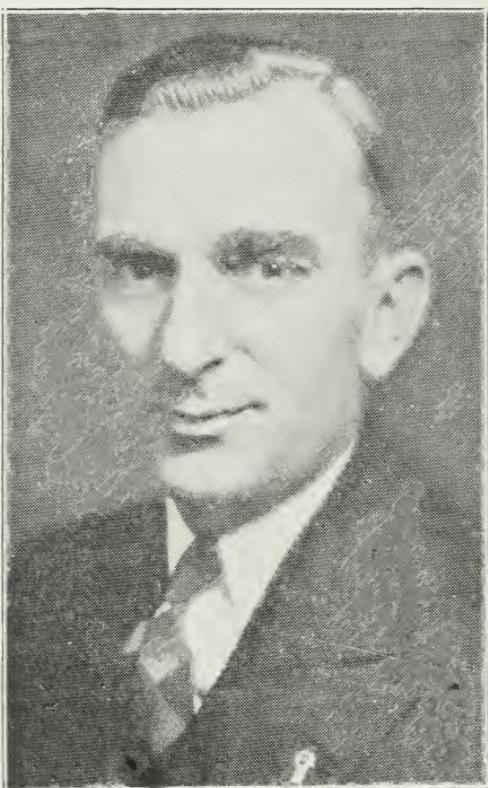
Records, orders, entries, pleas,
Verdicts, judgments and decrees,

We, the jury are, who say
He has more than earned his pay

And this little gift from us
At a hundred years, and plus

May he still be using then
Serving all his fellow men.

This is just a part that's due
From us all to good old "Lou."



CLARENCE V. WAGEMANN
County Clerk

The County Scribe

(Clarence V. Wagemann)

The County Scribe of Great DuPage:-
In time of peace or battle's rage
 He did his part
Amid the carnage and the roar
And tumult of the field of War
 With loyal heart!

The conflict o'er, war-scarred he came
From Verdun's searing battle flame
 And deadly guns
And earned in peace a home and food
To keep and feed his bright-eyed brood
 Of little ones!

As loyal in the tasks at home
As on the fields beyond the foam
 He does his work,
And careful, accurate and true
Performs the duties that fall to
 The County Clerk!

A native of its countryside,
DuPage may feel a mighty pride
 In such a one,
E'en as a father is allowed
A gen'rous leeway to be proud
 Of a good son!

June 12th, 1934.



LAWRENCE HATTENDORF

Recorder of Deeds and former Sheriff of
DuPage County

Lawrence Hattendorf

The gentleman de luxe is he
 Of the Courthouse purlieus,
Refined almost to the degree
Of modest petals that we see
 Fresh with the morning dews!

A man of kindly countenance
 And mild and gentle ways,
Of winning smile and pleasant glance
And under ev'ry circumstance
 A man to love and praise!

A product of DuPage's ground,
 A son of honored stock
And heir to virtues stern and sound
As the strong merits that are found
 In firm, unyielding rock!

A public servant tried and true,
 A Sheriff and a Clerk
And Keeper of the Records, too,
With industry and skill to do
 Correct and honest work!

As a fine statue that may grace
 Some noble niche of art,
His pleasant voice and comely face
And manly mien hold a high place
 In DuPage County's heart!



LEWIS V. MORGAN

Superintendent of Schools, DuPage County

Lewis V. Morgan

A man of thought more than of word
 And fluent phrase,
A stream that goes almost unheard
 Its quiet ways

With leaf and lily on its tide
 Moving along
And to the banks on either side
 Crooning a song!

(His father was a man of schools
 In years gone by,
Reflecting peace as Summer pools
 Mirror the sky!)

The rural flowers sweet and frail
 And wondrous fair
In schools that dot the hill and vale
 Are in his care!

To him the country children are
 A sacred trust,
High over all as some blue star
 Above the dust!

These priceless jewels of the land
 Of worth untold
DuPage commits to his wise hand
 To guard and hold!

August 2nd, 1934.



BERNARD M. LONG

Probate Clerk

Bernard M. Long

Good Barney Long is the Glad Hand
Of all DuPage,
A sparkling cup of some fine brand
Mellowed by age!

A care-free ship upon Life's sea
He sails along
With laughter, wit and merry glee
And happy song!

A beam of sun where'er he goes,
A star at night,
A Yule-log warmth amid the snows,
A kindly light!

A sympathy true and sincere,
A lifting arm,
And lips that speak words of good cheer
And never harm!

His open hand and heart and face
And soul of sun
Make him beloved in ev'ry place
By ev'ry one!

June 14th, 1934.



FREDERICK C. HARBOUR

Frederick C. Harbour

(Candidate for Probate Judge)

Judge-aspirant, exceeding sage,
Pride of the bar,
And in the sky of Great DuPage
A lustrous star!

A royal scion of Blackstone
In direct line,
He holds his title to the throne
By right divine!

A noble head, a lion's mane,
A crest of white,
An eagle's eye, a savant's brain
A voice of might!

As in the deep-veined hills we find
The golden ore
The far recesses of his mind
Are rich in lore!

Integrity is in his blood
And Justice part
And parcel of the crimson flood
That feeds his heart!

With eye impartial he surveys
With care and skill
The balance in which Judgment weighs
The good and ill!

With ermine and judicial gown
For service done
Would proud and grateful DuPage crown
Her honored son!



BENJAMIN LEVERING

Benjamin Levering

(Candidate for County Judge)

A gentleman of the Old School,
 A noble type;
In lore of precedent and rule
 And learning, ripe!

An ornament to Bench and Bar,
 A light to grace
The realms of law as some bright star
 The realms of space!

A man in ev'ry move and mien
 Gently refined,
A lawyer studious and keen
 With seasoned mind!

En banc the heart and brain preside
 Over his court,
An equal Forum standing wide
 To ev'ry sort!

As a great river moves along
 Devoid of noise
His tenor is a quiet, strong
 Judicial poise!

E'en as a flawless solitaire
 Adorns a crown
So would he grace the Judge's chair
 And ermine gown!

June 25th, 1934.



CHARLES W. HADLEY
Former States Attorney
DuPage County and
Assistant Attorney General of Illinois

Charles W. Hadley

(On retiring from the State's Attorneyship)

A long apprenticeship is o'er
For one who years before the mast
Has sailed the ocean deep and vast
And learned its secrets and its lore!

A steady hand, a head that knows,
A practiced vision keen and clear,
A knowledge that dispels all fear
Of every adverse wind that blows!

A great, new ship lies at the pier,
Her bright prow pointing to the tide,
Waiting a Master skilled to guide,
To hold the course or tack and veer;

A Master and a Pilot wise
Who knows the zones of calm and breeze,
The trade winds of the Seven Seas
And all the tides that fall and rise;

Who knows the shallow outer bars,
The hidden rock and sunken reef,
The headlands high in bold relief,
The lighthouse and the gleaming stars!

Here is the ship. There is the sea,
O seasoned seaman take command,
The helm awaits your guiding hand,
The great deep beckons unto thee!

So YOU who swept the law's vast realm
That touches all the isles of men,
With bolder heart and keener ken
To greater seas must turn your helm!

You know the landmarks and the lights
The law has set where breakers roar,
You know along the far-flung shore
The haven of all human rights!

You know the goodly vessel's heart,
Each spar and boom and gaff and yard,
The many-pointed compass-card
And pinholes on her pilot chart!

Great honors are in store for you;
In halls of Justice and of State
The ermine and the toga wait,—
Stretch forth your hand and take your due!

December 14th, 1920.

Charles W. Hadley

(Candidate for Attorney General of Illinois)

A seasoned soldier takes the field,
Gray-templed by the sweep of Time
Yet stronger now with lance and shield
Than in the sinews of his prime!

He grips with his firm buckler hand
The mighty aegis of the Law,
And in his right a flaming brand
Holds ev'ry foe in fear and awe!

Old Illinois, the strong and great,
Hath need of his good sword to win
Against the foe without the gate
And the more vicious foe within!

Before his index finger quail
The criminals, now bold no more,
And the official thieves turn pale
Like cravens at the cannon's roar!

Wheaton extols its lawyer son,
DuPage acclaims its farm-born boy.
They hail him as the ablest one
To grace and guide great Illinois!

January 4th, 1936



WILLIAM V. HOPF, D.D.S.
Dental Surgeon, Coroner, Politician,
Supervisor and Commissioner

“Doc” Hopf

The great man of whom I sing
Needs no minstrel’s twanging string
Or a noisy drum-corps or a booming gun
To proclaim a mighty deed,
Even as there is no need
Of a herald to announce the glory of the Sun!

I impale upon my pen
And hold up before all men
The wonder-man of Wheaton and the wizard of DuPage,
Our Bill Nye and Mark Twain
Known from Downers Grove to Wayne
And honored both by budding youth and hoary headed age!

He has logic true and sound
And philosophy profound,
And the silver eloquence of Burke and Peel and Pitt,
And the overflowing bowl
Never cheered a thirsty soul
Like the genial Doctor’s sparkling wine of wit!

We can learn, dear Doc, from you,
Roses are more sweet than rue
And kindly words are just the honey they distill;
To carry cheer upon our lips,
Not in flasks upon our hips,
To sweeten our bitter days and lighten human ill!

Blessed is the man whose mirth
Adds a ray of joy to earth
Like a sunbeam streaming through the rifted cloud,
And tenfold more worth is he
Who dispenses wholesome glee
Than all the solemn featured and the sombre browed!

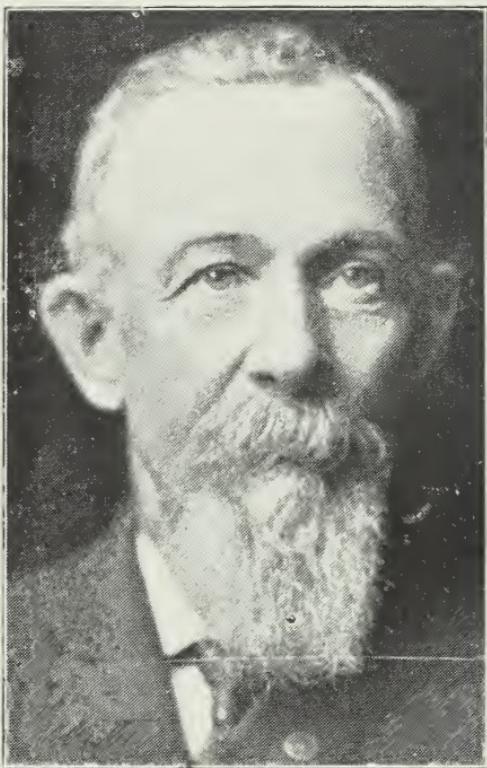
May the sunshine and the dew
Build great rainbows over you
That shall shine in splendor for a thousand years
As you travel on your way
Making Winter seem like May,
Thou jocund, jovial jester in a world of tears!

Then when the sure day shall come
As solemn as a muffled drum
When the windows darken and the oil has run
From Life's little, fragile lamp,
You can meet John Henry Kampf
As serenely as the sunset when the day is done!

Read at the annual Banquet of the Wheaton Business
Men's Association in the Masonic Temple, December 9,
1920.



AMOS CHURCHILL
As First Lieutenant Co. H, 141 Vol. Inf., June, 1864



AMOS CHURCHILL

G. A. R. Commander, President of Glen Ellyn and
Board of Education and Supervisors

Amos Churchill

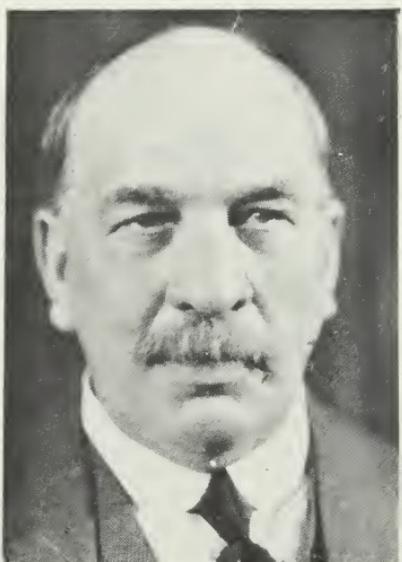
Served in Co. D and Co. M, 8th Illinois Cavalry
1st Lieutenant Co. H, 141 Illinois Volunteer Infantry

He was a true-born son of DuPage County's heart
Its soul and soil were finely fibered in his frame,
In war and peace he bore a high and splendid part
And added to the luster of DuPage's name!

A prairie pioneer, in manhood's morning day
He answered the Great Call with steed and spur and sword
And rode the crimson fields of the fierce Civil fray
Against the wrath and hate of Treason's rebel horde!

And when the wild Red Sea resumed its loyal blue
He bravely served in peace as on the plains of strife,
A citizen devoted who stood stalwart and true
For all the high ideals and better things of life!

He sleeps in peace beneath DuPage's kindly skies
Under its friendly flowers and its grateful stars,
Full of fadeless honors, decked with valor's prize,
Crowned with civic bays and rich in battle scars!



WILLIAM HAMMERSCHMIDT
Former Chairman Board of Supervisors

A Memorial Tribute

William Hammerschmidt

“There were giants in those days”

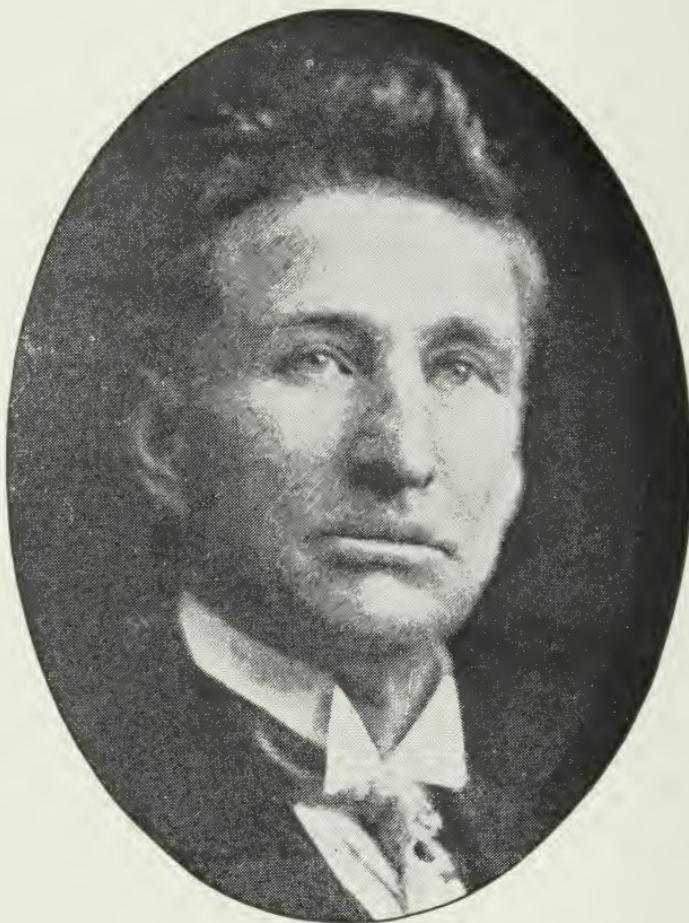
Here was a real man, indeed,
Like Bismark, big in head and frame,
The glory of the German breed
Of sturdy sons and honored name!

It was my privilege to know
This rugged soul of sterling worth,
To see him striding to and fro
And listen to his roaring mirth!

A servant of his fellow men,
In judgment, just, in wisdom, sage,
With eyes keen as the eagle's ken
He watched the welfare of DuPage!

With flowers of a great esteem
I weave my little crown of bays—
A chaplet of respect supreme—
For this good giant of old days!

December 24th, 1935.



WILLIAM W. STEVEN

Supervisor, Postmaster

William W. Steven

“A merry heart doeth good like a medicine”

To this good friend
We all extend
The glad and merry mitt
And thank him for
His goodly store
Of mirth and jolly wit!

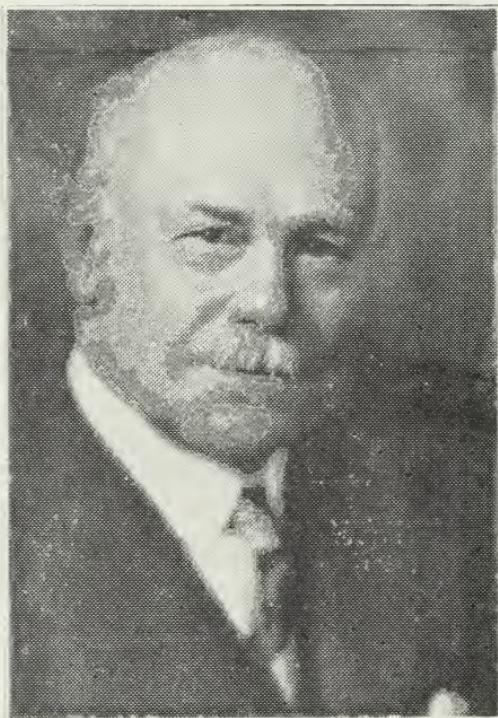
At the dark state
Of adverse fate
He laugheth long and loud
And silvers o'er
By magic lore
The linings of the cloud!

In spite of care
And Time's gray hair
He walks the fields of June
Where on gay wings
The laverock sings
His glad and gleeful tune!

By jest and joke
The heavy yoke
Of Life he makes more light
As Dawn uplifts
And lightning rifts
The blackness of the Night!

His faults, tho few,
Are hid from view
By his congenial ways
As ivies hide
The crannied side
Of towers from our gaze!

To him we sing
“Long live the King”
Repeating the refrain
And may his sway
Be every day
A merry monarch’s reign!



NEWTON E. MATTER

Editor, Alderman, Coroner, Supervisor, City Clerk,
County Treasurer

Newton E. Matter

An Editor with ready pen,
Alert and sage,
He chronicled the deeds of men
In good DuPage!

A public servant all his days
With loyal soul,
His record is a word of praise
On a clean scroll!

He wrought with an unflagging zeal
And constant flame
For old DuPage's outward weal
And its good name!

And in its annals he shall be
A faithful son
Famed for his fine fidelity
And duty done!



RALPH M. HOY



GORDON LEONARD

The Broken Columns

Two fair and stately pillars broke
Before the tempest, surnamed Death
That levels flower, reed and oak
Alike with its resistless breath!

As if the Midnight's inky pall
Fell on a sunny field at noon
And closed the flowers one and all
And stilled the songsters' happy tune,

So shadows overwhelm the heart
When Manhood so untimely dies
And clouds we cannot rift apart,
And somber mists, bedim the eyes!

But at the shrines where we shall bow
In Memory's many templed land
These noble columns, prostrate now,
In flawless majesty shall stand!

Oct. 4, 1929

On the death of Deputy Sheriffs Gordon Leonard and Ralph M. Hoy,
accidentally killed in the line of duty.



MISS ROSE WEIDMAN

Miss Rose Weidman

If my thoughts were blossoms
And my wishes flowers
Sparkling with the freshness
 Of the morning dew,
They would bear a message
Language cannot utter,
Like a lovely nosegay
 Picked and tossed to you!

Down the Past's long pathway,
By Life's dusty roadside,
In the daisied meadows
 Of the vanished years
Mem'ry's multicolored
Flowers spread their beauty
Making a bright Eden
 Of this "vale or tears,"

All because a gracious
Friend of gentle nature
Laughed and smiled benignly
 As she walked along
Kind and unobtrusive
Filling all with gladness
As the world is sweetened
 By a passing song!

Through the heat of Summer,
Through the weary Winter,
When the tempest lowered
 Or the sky was clear
By your hand were showered
Kindnesses unnumbered
As when crystal snowflakes
 Fill the atmosphere!

As you made for others
Many pleasant hours
By your cheerful spirit
 And your goodly ways
May the fleeting present
And the years to follow
Be a path of golden
 Comfort-laden days!

Peace be with you truly,
Inward joy delight you
And each noble spirit
 Be a loyal friend.
Hope be your attendant,
Mercy your companion,
Faith that never faileth
 Keep you till the end!

August, 1928.

Fifty Years of Duty

(To Rose Weidman)

Like a rose in all the splendor
 Of the Spring
Is the tribute sweet and tender
 That we bring

To this noble friend of ours
 Grandly fair
With a soul of sun and flowers
 Wond'rous rare!

Like a hawthorne in the whiteness
 Of its May
And the sweet sun in the brightness
 Of noon-day

She has been a daily blessing
 All the while
With a charm beyond expressing
 In her style!

Like the maple's golden glory
 In the Fall
So has been her life's bright story
 To us all!

Ever jolly, wise and gracious,
 She is true
As the stars in Heaven's spacious
 Dome of blue!

All her goodnesses indwelling
Softly sing
Like the gentle waters welling
From a spring,

And they make a music sweeter
Than the chimes
Or the poet's flowing meter
And his rhymes!

And we crown her with the beauty
Of the earth
For her fifty years of duty
And her worth!

1932.

Miss Carrie B. Ashley

Bird Ashley has
The sweetest face
In the Court House,
(Where many fair
And beautiful
Do much abound)
Despite the sad

Disfigurement
Of cruel Fate
That smote her with
A searing brand!
More than the charm
That Beauty hath
A finer type
Of winsomeness
Belongs to her
For from her heart
Where goodness dwells
And where the warm
And genial sun
Of kindness
Forever shines
A light of rare
Exquisiteness
Arises and
Illuminates
Her countenance
With a benign
Effulgency.
The genuine
Has set its seal
On every poise
And word and look
And rare good sense
And modesty
And wisdom add
To worthiness



MISS CARRIE B. ASHLEY
Chief Deputy Recorder of
Deeds

A triple crown
Of excellence.
Light from within
And from without
Plays on her face
Suffusing it
With such a wealth
Of pleasantness
It hides all scars
Unconsciously
In that sweet way
That flowers hide
A crannied wall
With loveliness.
Her helping hand,
Her laughter like
A lively peal
Of merry bells
In minor key,
Her cheerfulness
Like a bright cup
Of mirth and glee
That overflows
Its crystal brim
In sparkling floods
Of merriment,
All mark her as
Exceedingly
Superlative,
And so she is.



ALMA WAGEMANN HUTCHINS
Deputy County Clerk

Miss Alma Wagemann

(Now Mrs. Frank Hutchins)

Lady who was once a lass,
A bud and now a flower,
Growing as the seasons pass
Fairer with each hour!

In the bloom of Womanhood
Like a lily standing,
As, mayhaps, an Empress stood,
Stately and commanding!

Large and limpid, lucent eyes,
Yet so kindly tender,
Blue and clear as azure skies
In their flawless splendor!

As some great catalpa tree
Sheds its showy flowers,
Fortune's fairest fall on thee
In abundant showers!

May the Future's sky be blue
With unclouded brightness
Till the Yule of Life crowns you
With its ermine whiteness!

And the Sunset only lead
To sweet stars adorning
A brief Night that shall precede
An Eternal Morning!



MISS CATHERINE G. BROWN
“Winsome Clerk in Morgan’s Office”

Miss Catherine G. Brown

Blue-eyed Miss Brown
From lovely Glen
That splendid town
Of splendid men!

As flowers fair
And colors gay
Make up a rare
And rich bouquet

All good things meet
And merge and blend
To make this sweet
And precious friend!

The gentle grace
Of Summer days
Is in her face
And kindly ways!

The songs of birds
Are in her choice
And gladsome words
And pleasant voice!

Something divine
And yet of earth
Is in her fine
And wholesome mirth!

With gems replete
The Court House crown
Rests upon sweet
Blue-eyed Miss Brown!

April 22nd, 1934.

Ella Stegen

(Now Mrs. C. W. Reed)

During her vacation from Court House

Like an empty flower-vase
Is the whilom pleasant place
She was wont to be;
A melancholy spot, at best,
Like a bird-abandoned nest
In a leafless tree!

And the days without a Sun
Their diurnal courses run
Dull and drab and drear,
And the tapers of the Night
Send a faint and sickly light
Through the atmosphere!

Gone the winsome mignonette,
Gone the gentle violet
Queen of lovely Spring,
And the lark and linnet gay
At the dusk and dawn of day
Have refused to sing!

Modest maid of genteel mien,
Lady, every inch a queen
From her head to feet,
Dignified, unique and rare,
Delicate, exquisite, fair,
And demurely sweet!

Face as fresh as morning dew,
Wondrous eyes of hazel hue
And delightful brown,
Here as welcome she shall be
As a breeze from off the sea
To a desert town!

But a better day shall break
And the singing birds awake
And the flowerets ope
All their bright and lovely eyes
And a rainbow span the skies
With an arch of Hope!

Soon she shall return, and then
Shall the great world start again
Its majestic sweep,
And the rivers roll along
Crooning a contented song
To the mighty deep!

1926.



Anna Ella Sullivan
Secretary to States Attorney

Anna Ella Sullivan

(A Court House Estimate)

A matron wise
In mother-ways
With kindly eyes
And gentle gaze!

A heart-kindness
And inward grace
Mark their impress
In her good face!

A brow that tells
A thoughtful mind
Where wisdom dwells
Rich and refined!

A countenance
That doth express
In every glance
True goodliness!

In her combine
In a grand way
The strong and fine,
Sober and gay!

To her belong
In high degree
Deep thought and song,
Reserve and glee!

The calm serene
Of the clear sky
Is in her mien
And face and eye!

These petals gay
Tiny and fine
In a bouquet
We wreath and twine,

And in a vase
With blessings meet
We gently place
Them at her feet!

September 29th, 1934.

Esther Tuthill Langan

(On Leaving DuPage County Farm Bureau Service)

The sunburned arms
Of a thousand farms
Are lifted high for you
And calloused hands
From harvest lands
Bring in the tribute due!

The youth and age
Of all DuPage
That live by husbandry
Are all for you,
A truer blue
Than either sky or sea!

With you we'll go
Thru sleet and snow
And fire, rain and hail
From Pleasant Hill
To Naperville,
From Lace to Cloverdale!

You told us how
To disk and plow
And spread phosphate and lime
To cut bad weeds
And sow all seeds
Just at the proper time!



MRS. ESTHER TUTHILL LANGAN

Secretary of DuPage Farm Bureau

To plant soy beans,
And the right means
To keep our seed corn dry,
To put in wheat
So as to beat
The hungry Hessian fly!

You showed the way
To make hens lay
By giving proper feed,
How to prepare
And when and where
To sow alfalfa seed!

To spray our trees
And care for bees
And keep the farm boys home
And how to treat
The clay and peat
And black and sandy loam!

We learned from you
Just what to do
If crops are light and thin
If pumpkins spoil
Or if the soil
Has too much acid in!

Of you shall be
Our thoughts when we
Behold our lordly flocks

And the grain in
The golden bin
And the corn in the shocks!

As time shall fly
When you go by
In Winter, Fall or Spring,
Then open wide
To come inside
The farmer's gates shall swing!

And to their guest
They'll give the best
Of cherry, peach and plum,
And they shall be
O'erwhelmed with glee
And proud to have you come!

For they who sow
Pay what they owe
Like honest sons of toil,
And they'll pay you
In measure true
According to old Hoyle!

And often yet
Some farm lad's pet
And creatures that excel
Shall bear a name
Of love and fame
And be called "Esther L."

And every mile
From Wayne to Lisle
And Frontenac to Swift
And from Hinsdale
To the Army Trail
We hand you as a gift!

And yours in fee
Shall DuPage be
And as its roads you roam
Where'er you are
Just park your car
And you will be at home!

Where'er you go
May clover grow
Beneath your faithful feet,
The fine alsike
So silken like
And redolently sweet!

We say, Good-Bye,
With misty eye
And yet we know and see
'Tis a fine thing
When cage doors swing
And set a song-bird free!

1928.



MISS JANE A. GASPARO
Head Draftsman, Map Department

Jane's Jaunt

(A Travelogue)

Bon Voyage of Court House Friends to Jane A. Gasparo on Trip to Europe

To Jane, the Great,
Our Court House mate
We say a short adieu
And wish her well
Upon the swell
And on the rolling blue!

To stately Jane
May the great main
Be mighty nice and good
And tossing wave
And wind behave
Exactly as they should!

And in fine shape
May she escape
The awful mal de mer
And the whole trip
On train and ship
Be a delight to her!

May Aetna's crown
Just quiet down
With all the fires out,
And old Vesuve.
Attempt to prove
Himself a royal scout!

And Naple's Bay
Be calm the day
Her anchor touches ground

And from her romp
Through buried Pomp.
May she come safe and sound!

And mighty Rome
With Catacomb
And things that Caesar knew
And Lateran
And Vatican
Delight her thru and thru!

And the tall Alps
With ermine scalps
Watch over her with care
So she won't get
Her poor feet wet
In Venice' thoroughfare!

And Florence greet
Her pilgrim feet
Where Dante's soul of flame
Gave to the town
The deathless crown
Of his immortal name!

Then Bill Tell's land
Reach the glad hand.
And lofty Matterhorn
And fair Jungfrau
With snowy brow
Salute her night and morn!

May she have fun
Among the Hum
Beyond the haunted Rhine

Where Germans pour
The beer, galore,
From tall and foaming stein!

Then as she hikes
Along the dikes
Of Wilhelmina's land
Those big windmills
Shall give her thrills
To beat the Navy band!

Paris shall be
An ecstasy
Of beauty and of art—
The noble theme
Of song and dream,
The charm of eye and heart!

England, the grand,
Her mother's land
And mistress of the main
Shall take and hold
With chains of gold
Her Yankee daughter—Jane!

And Wren's St. Paul
And Strand and Mall
And old Threadneedle Street
Shall give full sway
And right of way
To her half English feet!

And she shall stand
In that dear land
Beloved by Bobbie Burns
And Highland air
Blow through her hair
Before her step returns!

From London's roar,
From Britain's shore
Begirt by seething foam
A ship shall sweep
Across the deep
And bring her safely home!

Back to old Glen,
And then—and THEN
To the Court House once more
Where we shall stand
With outstretched hand
To greet her at the door!

1931.



LOTTIE HOLMAN O'NEILL

DuPage County's Representative, Illinois Legislature

Lottie Holman O'Neill

A noble woman keen as steel,
 A Mother militant and strong,
A spirit gracious and genteel,
 A soul keyed to a martial song!

A daughter of a great domain
 Whose starry splendors never set,
A flower of its far-flung plain,
 A jewel in its coronet!

A clear light in the halls of State,
 A heart true to a high emprise,
A guide in council and debate,
 An eye to pierce the web of lies!

A mind well-poised to judge aright,
 A wisdom to discern the sin—
The subtle poison and the blight—
 Of foes without and foes within!

This gifted woman, wise and sweet,
 O Illinois, we give to thee,
To sit where thy law-givers meet,
 Among thy noble chivalry!



Chauncey W. Reed

391-~~SPCL~~

CHAUNCEY W. REED
Congressman from DuPage County

An Appeal
to
Chauncey W. Reed

You have been placed upon a height,
A pinnacle that gives your ken
A wider scope and clearer sight
Than that accorded other men!

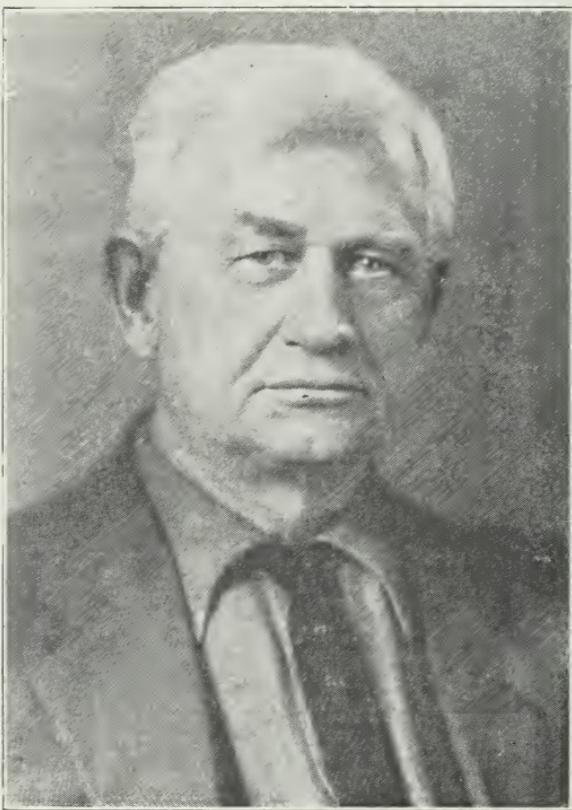
You are a Lookout on the prow
Of our beloved Ship of State
And on your faithful vigil now
Depends her Fortune or her Fate!

As soldiers sealed in slumber sweet
Trust in the ever-wakeful eye
Of him who walks the lonely beat
Under the star-bespangled sky

So you hold this great Commonweal
Its good and gain, its ill and woe,
Upon your keen and fearless steel
And voice that warns of ev'ry foe!

Oh, Watchman from great Illinois,
Guard this dear Land from foam to foam
From those who would smite and destroy,
And make it truly Freedom's home!

January 26th, 1936.



JACOB HUNT
Court House Janitor

Jacob Hunt

On His Sixty-Ninth Birthday, Jan. 7, 1929
(From Court House Girls)

“Dad” Jacob Hunt, you are a “dear,”
And getting better every year!

More than our tongues can tell
We all like you, and mighty well!

We’re glad to see you going fine
And full of “pep” at Sixty-nine,

And when a century rolls around
May you still be above the ground,

(Mayhaps above the land and main
And piloting an air-o-plane.)

As the sweet Sun that warms the earth
So is your genial, kindly mirth.

From your good heart there bubbles up
A cordial and refreshing cup

That cheers the wayfarer along
And makes his fainting purpose strong!

We like your good, whole-hearted glee,
We like your wit and repartee,

We like to have you ’round and hear
Your flow of never-failing cheer,

Your ever-ready helping hands
That take our wishes as commands!

You do kind things so fine and nice
And give such sage and sound advice!

We like your hale and hearty laugh
That drives away the dust and chaff

And only leaves the clean and sweet
And bright and finely winnowed wheat!

Take thou the love, O Kingly man,
Of Florence, Evelyn and Nan,

Of Catherine and Margaret
And winsome blonde and bright brunette,

And receive life's sweetest word
From Lily, Rose and Babe and Bird

Hang 'round your neck a golden chain
From Alma, Helen, Olive, Jane!

And the good wishes of the rest
Shall be a crown upon your crest.

A many jewelled diadem
From 'us' and 'they' and 'those' and 'them'!

The whole Court House like a heart
Reverberates through every part

From basement dim to iron bell
And all its throbbing pulses tell

The mighty love that we all feel
But have no language to reveal!

We wish you all good things, and more,
O, dear "Dad" Hunt, whom we adore!

Golden Wedding Greetings

To Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Lawrence
December 18, 1878, December 18, 1928

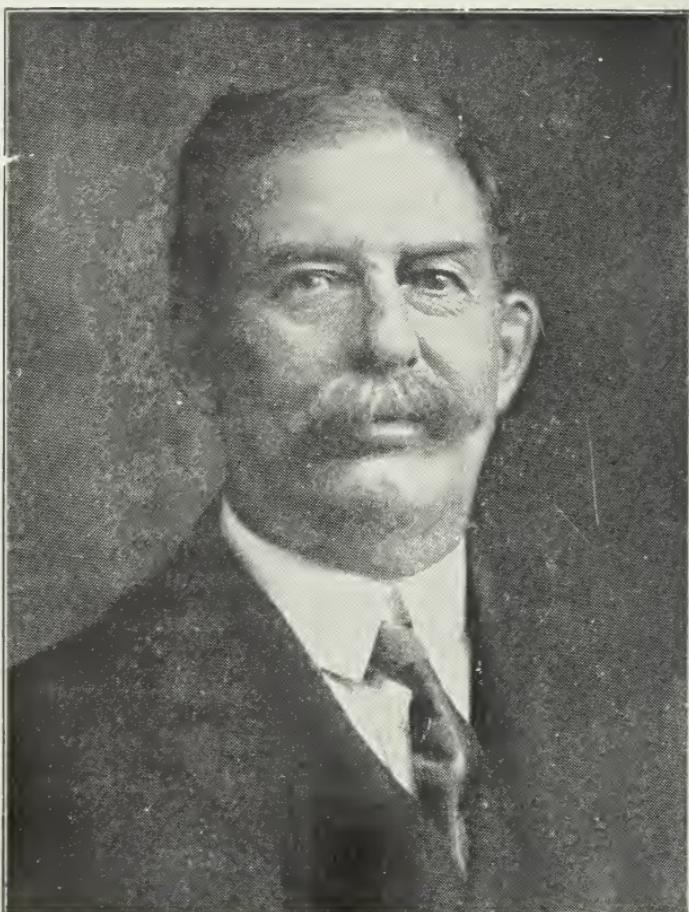
Fifty lovely chimes have rung
The matins of your bridal day
And fifty vespers have been sung
As evening twilight ebbed away!

And fifty Yuletides with their cheers
Have beheld you come and go
Together through the checkered years
From blossom time to Winter's snow!

Between that happy day and now
All of the years that intervene
Are royal jewels on your brow
O, kindly king and gracious queen!

Like attar of the orange spray
The winds of Memory waft to you
Delicious fragrance of that day
And golden years pass in review!

Perennial and always young
And fresh as flowers of the Spring
Your spirits be, as when among
The orchard bloom the sweet birds sing!



HENRY F. LAWRENCE
Former County Clerk

A thousand friends give you their hands
A thousand hearts beat love supreme
And wishes like uncounted sands
Declare to you their high esteem!

May Wisdom, Time's full-ripened grain,
And Peace, that good hearts only know,
And Hope be with you and sustain
While many years yet ebb and flow!

The New King

To Nick Lies on his election as Chairman of the
Board of Supervisors of DuPage County

Unto the King of Great DuPage,
Tried and trusted, safe and sage,
We sing aloud;
A native son, a Prince, is he
Whose title deeds are simple fee
Without a cloud!

Of this great realm he is a part,
In soul and sinew, thought and heart,
In blood and bone,



NICK LIES

Chairman Board of Supervisors DuPage County

Son of the soil, supremely fit,
By more than right divine, to sit
Upon the throne!

The wants and needs of field and farm,
The things that help, the things that harm
The farmer's woes,
The killing tax, the payless toil,
The pests that prey on seed and soil,
He sees and knows!

He gives his time and ripe, good sense
Without a thought of recompense
With noble zeal
To all details of state affairs
And ever on his heart he bears
The public weal!

Upon his head we place the crown
Of sovereign of farm and town
And proudly sing
In rolling chorus clear and strong
DuFage's coronation song—
“Nick Lies, the King!”

1933.

DU PAGE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS—1936



MEMBERS OF THE BOARD

Left to right—first (bottom) row: Claude F. Jones, Charles L. Gary, Jonas R. Foster, Nick W. Lies, Theodore F. Hammerschmidt, Adam W. Kohley, Frank J. Bogan, Anton Dudek.

Second (middle) row: William Senf, Seymour Waterfall, Jr., Donald R. Murray, Harold P. Dunton, Joseph F. Yackley, Lewis F. Meehan, John J. Kelly.

Third (top) row: Harry B. Davies, Henry H. Zaininger, A. H. Beckman, Frank W. McCabe, Walter R. Youngberg, Clarence V. Wagemann (Clerk), Charles C. Kautz, John H. Horstman.

Absent: Lloyd C. Harner, Herman C. Schultz and Glen Mount.

G. A. R. GROUP

Picture on Page 11

Left to right—first (bottom) row: Philo W. Stacy, William Johnson, Lewis C. Stover, Capt. William Penrose, Capt. J. J. Cole, Luther L. Hiatt, Robert W. Gates, William Patterson, Jonathan G. Vallette, Irving Ingraham.

Second row: Allan S. Landon, G. B. Durland, Frank Hull, Daniel Compton, ——, ——, Jacob Laier, James Roe.

Third row: Noah E. Gary, Louis Schmidt, Amos Churchill, Levi Casselman, Capt. M. E. Jones, William H. Luther, ——, Capt. Thomas Watson, Earl W. Fisher.

Fourth (top) row: Alonzo Ackerman, Miles Ackerman, Dave Saunders, Charles Beaner, William H. Myers, ——, ——, ——.

The Flag Unfurled

A city unfurls to the breeze
The blended beauties of the Day
Of azure skies and tranquil seas
And starry Night's serene array!

The crimson pennants of the morn
Stream o'er the fields immaculate
Of the stainless and untorn
And seamless emblem of the State!

It is a Nation's open scroll
In might and majesty unfurled,
The voice of an unfettered soul
Proclaiming Freedom to the world!

Swift our screaming eagle band
Shall bear it to the clouds of war
Where stronger storms shall but expand
Its flaming colors more and more!

Let us who see it in the sky
Or by our brothers borne along
Lift loyal heart and hand and eye
With meet salute and shout and song!

(Written for the Wheaton, Illinois, flag-raising on July 4, 1917.)

The Khaki Hosts

Today the tramp to the trenches starts
And a tread that shall shake the world
Begins today
As they march away
With the star-set flags unfurled!

The stalwart, sinewy sons of the soil
The pillars of peace and war,
From a thousand farms
Bare their bronzed arms
For the fields of the battle's fore!

From learning's lordly halls they come
With red blood pulsing free,
A nation's pride
To lead and guide
The strife of the days to be!

Their strong heart-beats are battle drums
That shall fill the foe with fear
Ere he shall feel
The keen, cold steel
When the khaki hosts draw near!

Honor and cheers for those who go
In the glory of youth's estate,
And heart and hand
To the loyal band
That holds Columbia's fate!

September 19, 1917.

(For the DuPage County farewell reception
to the camp-bound soldiers.)

A DuPage County Boy

ROGER WILLIAM PHILLIPS

(Grandson of Dr. W. V. Hopf)

This little King
To whom I bring
 This small bouquet
Shall wear a crown
 Of great renown
 Some future day!

A royal boy
 Of pride and joy
 Who soon shall stand
A noble man
 To think and plan
 And bless the land!

A lucky lad
 With a wise Dad
 And Mother sweet;
May Fortune rest
 Upon his crest
 And guide his feet,

And the sweet tune
 Of sunny June

With gentle key
Be his life's song
Joyous and strong
And full of glee!

The sweet perfume
Of clover bloom
And lovely rose
Regale his way
From break of day
Until its close!

May all that lies
Under the skies
Smile on this Boy
And bring him health
And fame and wealth
And peace and joy!

The Girl Scouts

The Girl Scouts are the flowers fair
And delicate and prim,
The jonquils and the roses rare,
And tulips tall and slim,

The daffodils that dance in glee,
The winsome mignonettes,
The fragile, pink anemone
And blue-eyed violets!

They grow like lilies tall and straight
In gorgeous glory dressed,
They stand decorous and sedate
With modest beauty blest!

They are the bloom beside Life's Way,
That waves in ev'ry breeze—
An ever-living, fresh bouquet
To cheer and charm and please!

October 28th, 1935.

(Girl Scout Week)

A Psalm of May

In DuPage County

The Springtime comes like a man who is singing
And the earth is full of the fragrance of orchards.

The robin has built his nest in the maples
And the tulips are soldiers in beautiful turbans!

The new plowed ground gives a tang to the nostrils
And the meadow lark's song is an outburst of rapture.

The fields of the farmers are beautiful billows
As the grain undulates when the wind bloweth.

The wild flowers carpet the floors of the forests
They pave the earth with charming mosaics.

The bob-white's whistle is heard in the meadows
And the plum and the cherry are dressed in white samite.

Blest is the man who sees the delightful
Whose soul is in tune with beauty's sweet music!

A Psalm of October In DuPage County

Now is the sweet smile of Nature,
Loveliness lies on all branches
And the boughs are bending with beauty!

The Almighty has breathed on the landscape,
The Frost and the Sun are His artists
Their paintings are super-exquisite!

The Earth is a gorgeous mosaic,
A carpet inlaid with bright flowers
Of gold and deep blue and scarlet!

The forests are great Masterpieces
Spread out by the Infinite Artist
On the earth's elaborate canvas!

With gold the maples are covered,
The oak leaves are tinted with crimson,
The sumacs are hosts with red banners!

October is Color's grand choral,
The extravaganza of Beauty,
The Chant Sublime of the Seasons!

October 13, 1935.

Elmhurst

ELMHURST CENTENNIAL ODE

Thou City of ten thousand elms
Verdantly sweet,
The branches of whose leafy realms
Arch ev'ry street!

Pavilioned in these tents divine
Pitched on the earth
There dwells a race of honored line
And noble birth!

As oak tree to the violet
To us you stand
A monarch with a coronet
Royally grand!

A century is on your brow,
And yet, in truth,
You have the strength and spirit
now
Of virile Youth!

Esteem and fealty and cheers
To you we bring
And crown you, with your hundred
years,
DU PAGE'S KING!

Downers Grove

I tip my hat to Downers town,
I set a gem in Downers' crown,
 A superb solitaire,
I love its fresh and refined views
Its long and tree-lined avenues
 And vistas really rare!

I love it in Spring's showy gown,
I love its winter's snowy crown,
 Its Autumn's gorgeous dress,
Its people of enlightened soul,
Its record like a whitened scroll,
 Its gentle winsomeness!

Sweet flower on DuPage's breast,
With kindly hearts and sages blest,
 I kneel before your shrines
As an adorer dutiful
And offer to the Beautiful
 The incense of my lines!

Hinsdale

Little sylvan-cloistered City
 Calm and still,
Take this light and limpid ditty
 From my quill!

Home of charming folks and flowers,
Wondrous fair,
Sunny plots and shady bowers
Ev'rywhere!

Glorious its far-expanding
Leafy realms
And its stately and commanding
Kingly elms!

In apparel and in station
Like a great
Noble queen in coronation
Robes of state!

Much I love the fine and splendid
Pleasant views
Down its wide and far-extended
Avenues

When delightful and exquisite
Leaf and wing
Come with each recurring visit
Of the Spring

And May tells the sweetest story
Earth has told
And Fall is a book of glory
Bound in gold!

Like a jewel scintilating
In a crown
Is this sweet and captivating
Lovely town!

Glen Ellyn

Glen Ellyn is
The fairest spot
In all DuPage.
It is the queen
Of all suburbs
In beauty and
In charm of sweet
Exquisiteness
So rare and fine
That words are vain
To picture it.
A queen, indeed.
Rich-mantled with
A flowing robe
Of pattern and
Gorgeous design
None can describe,
An ensemble
Of loveliness
That is the most
Extravagant
Creation of
That mighty Loom
Where Nature weaves
Her wondrous robes,
Whose spindles are
The breath of Spring
Whose shuttles are
The leaves of Fall
Whose warp and woof
Are threads of gold
Woven among
The samite and
Delightful silk.
Its hem is trimmed

With violets
And wild blood-root
And velvet moss,
Upon it are
Bright spangles of
Hepaticae
And trilliums
And pansy beds,
And its zone is
Encinctured by
A girdle of
Roses and vines
Wherein are set
Sweet corsages
Of lilacs and
Syringa sprays
And golden bells;
Its shoulders are
As white as snow
With hawthorn bloom;
And worn upon
Her stately form
It has no peer
For beauty and
Delightfulness
In all the world!

The domain of
This winsome queen
Is a great realm
Of forest trees
And sylvan dells
And marsh and moor
With willow clumps
Of red and gray
And yellow bark,
And deep ravines
And terraced hills

And winding drives
Where every turn
Opens a new
Vista of charm.
A tranquil lake
Sequestered in
The wooded hills
Reflects the tall
Majestic trees
Along its shore,
Inverting them,
And mirrors in
Its breast of peace
The azure skies
The fleecy clouds
The silver moon
And noble stars!

Glen Ellyn is
A lavaliere
Of loveliness
On Nature's throat,
A solitaire
Among the gems
In her rich crown,
The crest of her
Bright coat of arms.
Its flowers are
A symphony
Of gentleness,
A rhapsody
In softer scores,
A jubilate
In minor keys,
And ballads sung
In sotto voice
And undertones
Of confidence

Heard only by
The inner ear.

In imagery
Glen Ellyn is
A poet's dream
Of clover fields
Of wide expanse
And forests full
Of delicate
And fragile bloom
From which the bees
Of Fancy can
Extract a most
Delicious dew
More sweet than all
The honey of
The Hybla hives!

A thousand homes
Are nestled in
Among its trees
Like birds that build
Amid the bloom
Of apple and
The cherry boughs
And castles crown
Its graceful heights
Sweetness stands by
Each wayside walk
And Beauty dwells
In ev'ry nook
And Loveliness
Is ev'rywhere
About her courts.
Upon this town
Are showered all
The glory of
Matronly grace,

The winsomeness
Of maidenhood,
The buoyancy
And glee of youth.

In Memory
And retrospect
Glen Ellyn is
To me a place
Elysian-like
Because of things
In years gone by
Too delicate
And exquisite
To be portrayed,
Those things for which
There are no words;
The beauty of
The Western sky
At sunset time
Is ever in
The thought of it,
The fragrance of
The vernal woods
The glory of
Orchards in May
The Summer's gold
And moonlit nights
The grandeur of
October's leaves
The pure and chaste
Enchantment of
The Winter's snow
Are in it all
And make it sweet!
Much I adore
This splendid town
Made glorious

By Nature's hand,
Rich-gifted with
Far-seeing men
With artist eyes
Who know the worth
Of flowers and
Delightful birds,
Whose souls are full
Of music like
The rhythm and
The cadences
Of Nature's songs.
I bare my head
In homage to
Its honored past,
I curtsy to
Its elegance
And refinement,
Its taste and tone
Entrances me
And by its smile
Of winsomeness
I am spell-bound!
Wheaton salutes
His fair sister
Nearest his heart
In place and thought,
So beautiful
So full of charm
So superb and
Apparelled in
Such lovely robes,
The most sweet one
In all the House
Of Great DuPage
Whose daughters all
Are wondrous fair!

Naperville Centennial

Last week a century plant burst into bloom along the West Branch of the DuPage River and held entranced the countless thousands who looked upon its beauty. Naperville became not just a place on the map—a town of streets and houses. It was a spirit become visible. Its glorious past was re-embodied once again and its long silent tongues spoke eloquently. By artists apt and thoroughly inspired the Centennial was a great portrayal of a City's soul. The pioneer revisited his early haunts, the winds swept the heroic harp of days gone by, the pipes of the past brought back silver tones.

The Star of Empire sweeping westward threw off brilliant coruscations along its path and one of its radiant missiles fell beside the fair DuPage. It was a diamond of pure and lucent spark, rough cut at first, but by the shifting years brought to the luster of its present lovely ray.

Naperville is a city devotedly loved by a loyal people with an affection wholesome and genuine. The very fabric of its being is of pure spun texture, the work of looms whose spindles and shuttles wove honor, like golden threads, into the warp and woof of everything. The city's spirit kindled by the Centennial occasion elicited the unstinted praise of all beholders. It rose to splendid heights. In contrast to events sometimes celebrated by carnivals, fairs and cheap features, the Naperville Centennial was a worthwhile pageant and exhibit of good taste and lofty tone. There was no hollow boasting, but a just pride in noble ancestry and brave deeds.

A hundred rigorous Winters followed by a hundred fragrant Springs find the City with Youth's warm heart and

Manhood's strength and the Wisdom of the years. The inevitable goodly harvest of a goodly seed stands in golden fields before us now. The shout that broke the silence of the woods, the prairie and the stream has swelled into a chorus strong and great. In it are the hum of trade, the tramp and songs of soldiers, the schoolbells and the churches' chimes, that rolled, like some grand organ in full diapason, in the great Centennial crescendo of a thousand drums, a thousand bugles, ten thousand marching feet and fluttering flags and countless beating hearts, all paying tribute to the valor of its past and its heroic present.

In admiration without alloy Wheaton extends congratulations to its noble elder brother on the South and rejoices in the kinship of so fine a relative.

June 7, 1931.

Wheaton—My City

(Tune: America)

My city and my home,
Fair as the vaulted dome
 Of starry night;
Set in the richest plains
Columbia contains
 Within her broad domains
 Of peace and light!

I love thy men of old,
Souls of heroic mold,
 Thy pioneers
Of high heart-beat and thought,
Thy men who toiled and taught,
Who wisely planned and wrought
 In thy young years!

I love thy pleasant views,
Thy tree-lined avenues,
 Tranquil and sweet;
I love thy welcome shade
Where stately elms have made
A leafy colonnade
 Whose branches meet!

O little kingdom where
A princely people wear
 The diadems;
O Christian templ'd town,
Whose schools of far renown
Adorn thee like a crown
 Of precious gems!

Let all thy children come
Like soldiers when the drum
 Beats reveille,
Full panoplied to do
Deeds of allegiance true,
And loyal soul and thew
 Pledge unto thee!

Written for the Wheaton, Illinois, Home-
coming, July 4, 1916.

A Psalm of Wheaton

Wheaton is a City of many beauties,
It is replete with Christian temples
And great towers of Learning adorn it!

Its streets are lined with living pillars
And its avenues with verdant columns,
The people pass beneath leafy arches!

Brave forebears laid its foundations
And true hearts established its borders,
From strong souls came this inheritance!

I have written its praises in rhythm,
In meter have I measured its greatness
And crowned its fine people with poems!

It is full of the daughters of music,
Divines and teachers have graced it,
Its children are like fields of flowers!

I love this place with great passion,
The cords of the Past bind me to it,
I have anchored my ship in this haven!

July 16th, 1935.

Lombard

“Lilacia”

Sweet Lilac Park
Is Lombard's crown,
The symbol of
Her sceptered sway
In beauty's realm,
The trumpet of
Her royalty
To all the world,
At whose approach
The lovers of
The Beautiful
Curtsy and bow
And shout acclaim.
And as her rich
Caparisoned
And royal train
In fine review
Moves grandly by
It is a thrill
That defies words!

“Lilacia”
Has now become
A synonym
For loveliness
And beauty in
Its thousand forms
And color in
Its varied hues
And fragrance in
Its rapturous
Delightfulness

Surpassing speech
And all the rare
Rich attributes
Of refinement
And all that is
Delectable
And pleasing to
The finer sense!

Lombard has crowned
Herself with a
Rich diadem
Of greater worth
Than precious stones
And garlanded
Herself with wreaths
Of loveliness
(The circlet that
Wise Nature puts
Upon the heads
Of her choice queens,)
More delicate
And charming than
The soulless gems
That deck the crowns
Of mortal kings!

It was as though
Good Colonel Plum
When he passed from
His earthly realm
Had taken off
His coronet
That glittered with
The Beautiful
And with his kind

And gentle hands
Had laid it on
The village green
As a bequest
From his fine soul
To fair Lombard!

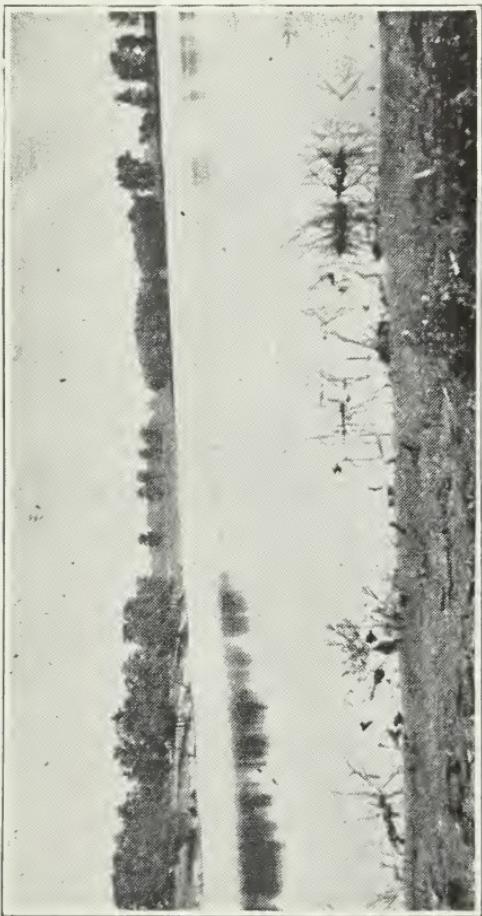
Upon this gem
Of glory lies
The good man's smile.
The reflex of
His countenance
Is printed there.
The music of
His speech is in
The breezes that
Caress and kiss
The lilac boughs,
And attars rich
And redolent
Are like the sweet
Outpourings of
His benign soul.
The birds that were
This true man's joy,
Those minstrels of
Exquisite plume
And wing and voice
That wander up
And down the land
Are visitors
To this choice place
In countless hosts
And linger long
As though they sought

To glimpse again
His kindly face!

The grace of his
Rich language is
Seen in the sway
Of willow wands
That bend and bow
In rhythmic time
When gentle winds
Pass through the park.
His eloquence
Is in the bloom
Of noble trees
Full rounded by
The period
Of splendor when
The sun shines on
The silver of
The aspen tree,
That monarch of
This kingly realm.
His poetry
Is in the flow
Of fountains that
Leap up and laugh
In merry glee
And in the ferns
And tiny moss
And violets
That cling close to
The mother earth
Where they can hear
Her lullabies
And gentle songs!

Lilacia,—
A sunbeam that
Has strayed away
From Paradise;
A star that fell
From Beauty's crown;
A sunburst on
The bosom of
Chicagoland;
A shrine to which
The lovers of
The Beautiful
Shall wear a path
In coming years
And where they shall
Devoutly kneel
And worship her
And rise and go
Away in peace
Refreshed in soul
Like men of faith
Returning from
A pilgrimage!

Lombard is now
A precious place
For Beauty and
For Memory!



HERRICK LAKE
In DuPage County Forest Preserve No. 12

DuPage County Forest Preserves

The Forest Preserves are spangles of splendor
Upon the rich raiment of DuPage, the Fair,
Like dewey-eyed daisies limpid and tender
Sewed upon samite priceless and rare!

True men have framed these pictures of glory
And gave them as gifts to the years yet to be
Depicting the charm of Nature's sweet story
Of lake and of river and flower and tree!

They built these fair havens for delicate flowers
And exquisite things surpassing all words,
These glens and thickets and umbrageous bowers
And safe Sanctuaries for beautiful birds!

They fought for the Fair, like chivalry's warriors,
They faced the foe on the forefront of duty,
They stayed the hands of the vandal destroyers
And the feet that trampled and disfigured beauty!

These leafy pavilions in splendor unceasing
Shall grow in charm as years shall sweep by,
A grace and a glory forever increasing
The rapture of soul and spirit and eye!

About the Author

A Native Son

It is my pride
To be a son
Of Old DuPage,
My father, too,
Here had his birth
And my grandsire
Took up his claim
When the red-men
Yet roamed the land.
Here was I born
Upon a farm
In Winfield Town
But a stone's throw
From Milton line
Close by the Lake
That bears my name.
I tilled the soil
As boy and youth
For twenty years
And well I know
Its joys and woes
Its harvest heat
And winter cold
And endless toil
When roads were poor
And comforts few
And luxuries
Were things not known.

Early Impressions

The Civil War
Between the States
Was over and
But nine short years
Were wholly gone
When I was born.
In all my youth
And boyhood days
The land was full
Of Union Blue
Whose mighty files
Stretched league on league
On public days
With fife and drum
And foaming horse
That reared and plunged
And gnashed the bit
Mad with the thrill
Of trump and tread
That filled the hearts
Of man and steed
With fever heat.
I saw men there
With wounds not healed
With pallor of
The prison pen
And hospitals
Not wholly gone,
With the disease
Of fen and swamp
Yet in their blood,
Agues and chills
And every rheum,
With wooden stump

And empty sleeve
Reminders of
The Wilderness
And Antietam.
And men marched by
Who stood with Grant
In Shiloh's Woods,
Who went with him
And took Vicksburg
And set again
The River free
To flow unvexed
Down to the deep,
Who swept the crest
Of Mission Ridge
And scaled the heights
Of Lookout with
Joe Hooker's men,
Who faced the foe
At Gettysburg
And stood upon
That roaring crown
With Doubleday
And tore to shreds
Rebellion's flag
And all its hopes,
Who cut a swath
Of crimson hue
Down to the sea
With Sherman's host,
Who at the Rock
Of Destiny
With Thomas stood
And held the foe,
Or on a horse
Rode in the raids
With Sheridan,

Heroic men
Of every race,
Of Mulligan's
Irish Brigade,
And Germans of
Franz Sigel's corps,
Who marched with Schurz,
And saved the day
On many fields.
And there I saw
With a great thrill
Men of the famed
Eighth Illinois
Who rode their steeds
And measured swords
With Mosby's men,
And matched their spurs
With Early's and
Jeb Stuart's hordes.
I saw the great
Hundred and Fifth
DuPage's pride
Who fought their way,
Three Hundred miles
Through Georgia
And stormed the heights
Of Kenesaw
And the wild hills
Of Resaca
And pushed on through
Altoona Pass
To Atlanta
And left its pride
An ashen heap
And swept in might
Down to the main.
All these I saw

But over all
Unheard, unseen,
Though keenly felt
A spirit stood
Sublime and grand,
Gentle and strong,
Above him waved
A seamless flag
Whose clustered stars
Were all within
One lovely field,
And in one hand
Were broken chains
Of men made free
The other laid
In healing on
A nation's wounds,
And in his face
A light divine
And peace was on
His grief-plowed brow
As then upon
The fields of war.
And all these things
Gave a firm bent
To all my life.
The bugler Time
Has sounded taps
For most of them
Of that blue line
But I shall see
That mighty host
And hear its tread
And feel its pulse
Until I die.

Wheaton

The City fair
That is my home
The County Seat
Of old DuPage
Has been the love
Of all my life.
Its people are
As kings and queens
Whom I delight
To sing about.
For them I sang
A hundred songs
And tuned my harp
To noble strains
In praise of them,
The wise, the true,
The beautiful,
The business man,
The sage, the wit,
The young athlete,
Loved teachers and
Great clergymen,
The patriarchs
And newlyweds,
Matrons and maids.
I saw her youths
Go forth to war
In khaki clad
In multitudes
Like Autumn's brown
Wind-driven leaves
The praise and pride
Of many homes.

I traced them close
In training camp
On land and sea,
Beside the Meuse
Along the Aisne,
Upon the Marne
At Cantigny
At Chipley Ridge
In the Argonne
At dark Sedan
In Belleau Wood
At red Verdun
Chateau Thierry
And fierce Soissons
In trench and field
Mid shell and fumes
Shot down in air
Dismembered by
The cannon-bolt
And choked with gas.
I saw them come
Back home again
With service bars
And Croix de Guerre
Pinned on their breasts
With wounds and scars,
And some, alas,
Flag-wrapped and still,
The stars of gold.
I wrote a book
Of their great deeds,
A history
Of Wheaton's sons
A book of verse,
“The Khaki Hosts”
Which all may read.

My Estate

All the lovely stars I see
I hold the title to in fee!

And ev'ry day I am made proud
To own a glory-gilded cloud!

The rich rainbows that are thrown
Across the sky I also own!

All the fields of gold and green
Are waving over my demesne!

In joint tenancy I hold
The Morning and the Sunset gold!

And all the flowers of the plain
Are mine by eminent domain!

June 1st, 1935.

Myself

I am a man
Of flesh and blood
And not at all
Of dreams compact,
I have regrets
And appetites,
I feel sharp pain
When I am stung,
I do not walk
With downcast eyes
And fail to greet
The passer by
With words of cheer,
But all about
I revel in
The beauties of
The mighty world
All which I hold
By title deeds
Joint tenant with
My fellow men.
Sunsets I own
The stars are mine
The Spring brings me
Its violets
And May its bloom,
The Summer is
My granary

Of golden grain
And Autumn paints
The woods for me,
Boreal night
Shoots its bright shafts
Of glory to
The Northern skies,
The Dawn and dusk
And twilight are
Part of my wealth,
And I have friends
More dear than all
The splendors of
The Universe.
I am not moved
To bitterness
By any act
Of erring man.
The world is sweet
And Hope is both
My Morning star
And Hesper in
The fading West.

The Song of DuPage County

There's a Spirit fine and gentle
Who goes with me night and morning
Who surrounds me with his presence
As the vine enwraps the oak tree
As the bark around the willow
Who responds to do my bidding
Like the genii to Aladdin:
And he reigns o'er DuPage County
As the elfins, sprites and fairies
Rule in the enchanted woodlands:
And he whispers secrets to me
As the oak leaves talk together
When the breezes sway the forests,
And he tells me all the stories
All the lore and all the legends
Of DuPage and its good people,
And this light and happy spirit
Wanders over all the prairies
Mimicking the Bobwhite's whistle
Imitating all the song birds,
Wanders thru the woods in Winter
Shakes the snow-encumbered branches
And laughs at the crystal showers,
In the Springtime shakes the hawthorn
Till its blossoms fall like snow-flakes,
And he walks its lanes and highways
Walks the streets of its fine cities,
Singing ever of its greatness
Ever telling of its glories.
And he knows all DuPage County
Like an Indian the forest

Like Huck Finn and young Tom Sawyer
Knew the rivers and the woodlands,
Knew the alleys of their village;
Knows the cross-ways and the highways
Clear from Signal Hill to Bartlett
From Lake Street to Copenhagen
From the Airport down to Downers
From the Army Trail to Ogden.
And he knows all of its cities
All its villages and hamlets,
Knows Roselle, Nick Lies' kingdom,
And he knows all West Chicago
(Little replica of Dublin)
With its railroads and its freight yards;
Knows most Beautiful Glen Ellyn
The great home of politicians,
Home of Judges, Clerks and Sheriffs,
Masters and Investigators
And the two cub States Attorneys,
Bailiffs and good looking lawyers
Flowers fair and fairer women;
Knows great Elmhurst and its lordly
Avenues of shade and beauty
Green in Springtime, gold in Autumn,
The Goliath of the county;
And he knows Lombard, the Splendid,
Lombard and its lovely lilacs,
Where in golden days now vanished
In the days when there were giants,
Lived Great Hammerschmidt, the Mighty,

Lived York township's good King William,
Held in memory and honor,
Father of a line of princes;
Knows Hinsdale, of kingly glory,
Great estates and trees and landscapes
And refined and cultured people;
Knows the many spots of beauty
That adorn all DuPage County,
Rocky Glen and leafy Wooddale
Herrick Lake and the Bird Refuge
And Glen Ellyn's crystal mirror
Sylvan cloistered, flower bordered
With a rim of green in Springtime
With a frame of gold in Autumn,
And a frame of brown and russet,
In the moon when leaves are falling;
And great Morton Arboretum
Paradise of trees and flowers
From all places under Heaven,
A crown jewel of the Nation.
And he knows all of the others,
Westmont, wide awake and coming,
Winfield, in its Sleepy Hollow,
Wayne, a wild rose on the prairie,
Downers Grove, the twice blest Village,
Blessed with beauty, blessed with Wisdom,
Smile and sunshine of the County,
Decked with fame and crowned with honor;
Knows Lisle township's rural beauty,
Adam Kohley's lovely country;

Warrenville, the grand old rustic
Of the river, woods and prairie;
Naperville, renowned in legends,
And the lore of the old timers,
And those other prairie flowers,
Scattered over the great meadows.
Warrenhurst and Swift and Belmont,
Bensenville and small Eola,
Frontenac and Lace and Granger,
Cloverdale and Lisle and Ardmore,
Addison and fair Itasca
And young Villa Park, the giant.

For a thousand years henceforward
May this DuPage County Spirit
Watch and keep our noble homestead
Keep it clean and sweet and wholesome
As its meadows fresh with clover
As the attar of its roses
As the fragrance of its flowers,
Chaste and pure as its prairies
When the Winter robed in samite
Dressed in white and snowy chiffon
Covers it with stainless ermine!

1934.

APOLOGIA

I owe a great apology to countless DuPage men

 And to many wondrous women beautiful and fine
Whom I have not saluted with my flowing pen
 Or given in this book the tribute of a line!

For this delightful County is like a jewel tray

 In a lapidary's store of scintilating gems
Full of precious stones of every lucent ray
 And lustrous as the stars in midnights' diadems!

As I cannot at once put all in my wee purse

 Or name the hosts of light that sweep the lovely skies
E'en so I cannot set in one small book of verse
 All of DuPage's people whom I love and prize!

But unmentioned ones are just as choice and rare

 As those of whom this booklet's little pages tell,
And the unnoted flowers are equally as fair
 As those I chance to pick and pin on my lapel!

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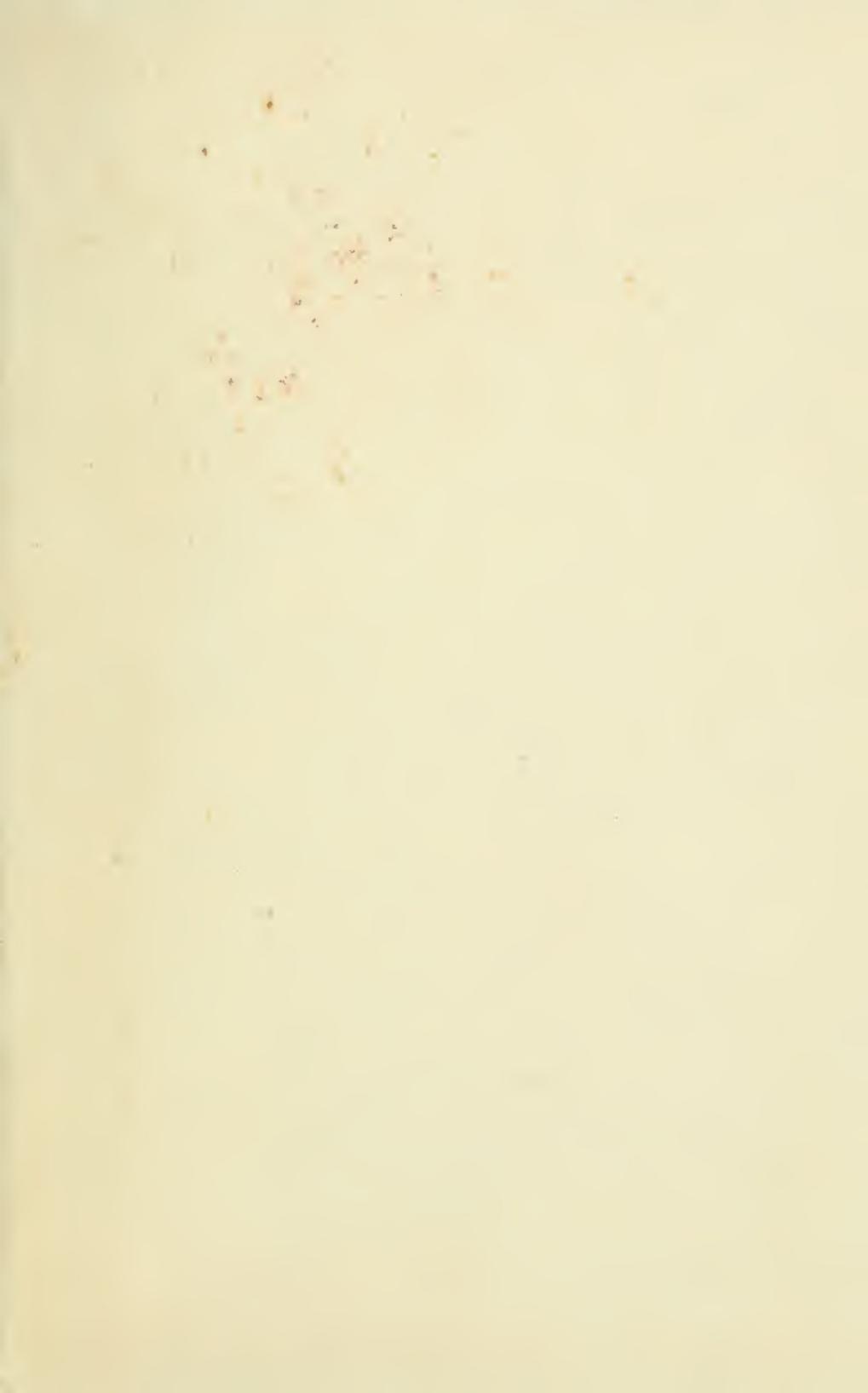
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